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L I T E R A R Y
Cavalcade

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SPRING COMES TO CLOWN-ALLEY

MARCH, 1953 • VOLUME 5 • NUMBER 6

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ON OUR COVER



The clown delicately inhaling the fragrance of spring on our cover is a reminder—as if anybody needs one—that the circus will be due in town any week now.

But the circus isn't all fun for clowns. During the season they

spend long hours in "clown alley" where they live, constantly practicing to improve their acts and to work out better gags. Often a clown's act requires elaborate props. In one popular act, a tall clown falls into a "Dehydrator" which supposedly shrinks him to a pint-sized duplicate of himself.

The circus isn't all clowns, though. It is also animals and acrobats and tight-wire acts and the man who balances on one finger and music and trained horses and . . . oh, yes, popcorn and pink cotton candy.

The photo on our cover is used through the courtesy of Ewing Galloway agency.



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*Cavalcade***

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**The boy grew older and larger and stronger—
and the day came when he also grew wiser**

The Cub

By LOIS DYKEMAN KLEIHAUER

ONE of his first memories was of his father bending down from his great height to sweep him into the air. Up he went, gasping and laughing with delight. He could look down on his mother's upturned face as she watched, laughing with them, and at the thick shock of his father's brown hair and at his white teeth.

Then he would come down, shrieking happily, but he was never afraid, not with his father's hands holding him. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father.

He remembered a time when his father moved the piano across the room for his mother. He watched while she guided it into its new position, and he saw the difference in their hands as they rested, side by side, upon the gleaming walnut. His mother's hands were white and slim and delicate, his father's large and square and strong.

As he grew, he learned to play bear. When it was time for his father to come

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home at night, he would lurk behind the kitchen door. When he heard the closing of the garage doors, he would hold his breath and squeeze himself into the crack behind the door. Then he would be quiet.

It was always the same. His father would open the door and stand there, the backs of his long legs beguilingly close. "Where's the boy?"

He would glance at the conspiratorial smile on his mother's face, and then he would leap and grab his father about the knees, and his father would look down and shout, "Hey, what's this? A bear—a young cub!"

Then, no matter how tightly he tried to cling, he was lifted up and perched upon his father's shoulder, and they would march past his mother, and together they would duck their heads beneath the doors.

And then he went to school. And on the playground he learned how to wrestle and shout, how to hold back tears, how to get a half-nelson on the boy who tried to take his football away from him. He came home at night and practiced his new wisdom on his father. Straining and puffing, he tried to pull his father off the lounge chair while his father kept on reading the paper, only glancing up now and then to ask in mild wonderment, "What are you trying to do, boy?"

He would stand and look at his father. "Gee whiz, Dad!" And then he would realize that his father was teasing him, and he would crawl upon his father's lap and pummel him in affectionate frustration.

AND still he grew—taller, slimmer, stronger. He was like a young buck, with tiny new horns. He wanted to lock them with any other young buck's, to test them in combat. He measured his biceps with his mother's tape measure. Exultantly, he thrust his arm in front of his father. "Feel that! How's that for muscle?"

His father put his great thumb into the flexed muscle and pressed, and the boy pulled back, protesting, laughing. "Ouch!"

Sometimes they wrestled on the floor together, and his mother moved the chairs back. "Be careful, Charles—don't hurt him."

After a while his father would push him aside and sit in his chair, his long legs thrust out before him, and the boy would scramble to his feet, half resentful, half mirthful over the ease with which his father mastered him.

"Doggone it, Dad, someday—" he would say.

He went out for football and track in high school. He surprised even himself now, there was so much more of him. And he could look down on his mother. "Little one," he called her, or "Small fry."

Sometimes he took her wrists and backed her into a chair, while he laughed and she scolded. "I'll—I'll take you across my knee."

"Who will?" he demanded.

"Well—your father still can," she said.

His father—well, that was different.

They still wrestled occasionally, but it distressed his mother. She hovered about them, worrying, unable to comprehend the need for their struggling. It always ended the same way, with the boy upon his back, prostrate, and his father grinning down at him. "Give?"

"Give." And he got up, shaking his head.

"I wish you wouldn't," his mother would say, fretting. "There's no point in it. You'll hurt yourselves; don't do it any more."

SO for nearly a year they had not wrestled, but he thought about it one night at dinner. He looked at his father closely. It was queer, but his father didn't look nearly as tall or broad-shouldered as he used to. He could even look his father straight in the eyes now.

"How much do you weigh, Dad?" he asked.

His father threw him a mild glance. "About the same; about a hundred and ninety. Why?"

The boy grinned. "Just wondering."

But after a while he went over to his father where he sat reading the paper and took it out of his hands. His father glanced up, his eyes at first questioning and then narrowing to meet the challenge in his son's. "So," he said softly.

"Come on, Dad."

His father took off his coat and began to unbutton his shirt. "You asked for it," he said.

His mother came in from the kitchen, alarmed. "Oh, Charles! Bill! Don't—you'll hurt yourselves!" But they paid no attention to her. They were standing now, their shirts off. They watched each other, intent and purposeful. The boy's teeth gleamed again. They circled for a moment, and then their hands closed upon each other's arms.

They strained against each other, and then the boy went down, taking his father with him. They moved and writhed and turned, in silence seeking an advantage, in silence pressing it to its conclusion. There was the sound of

the thumps of their bodies upon the rug and of the quick, hard intake of breath. The boy showed his teeth occasionally in a grimace of pain. His mother stood at one side, both hands pressed against her ears. Occasionally her lips moved, but she did not make a sound.

After a while the boy pinned his father on his back. "Give!" he demanded.

His father said "Heck, no!" And with a great effort he pushed the boy off, and the struggle began again.

But at the end his father lay prostrate, and a look of bewilderment came into his eyes. He struggled desperately against his son's merciless, restraining hands. Finally he lay quiet, only his chest heaving, his breath coming loudly.

The boy said, "Give!"

The man frowned, shaking his head.

Still the boy knelt on him, pinning him down.

"Give!" he said, and tightened his grip. "Give!"

All at once his father began to laugh, silently, his shoulders shaking. The boy felt his mother's fingers tugging fiercely at his shoulder. "Let him up," she said. "Let him up!"

The boy looked down at his father. "Give up?"

His father stopped laughing, but his eyes were still wet. "Okay," he said. "I give."

The boy stood up and reached a hand to his father to help him up, but his mother was before him, putting an arm about his father's shoulders, helping him to rise. They stood together and looked at him, his father grinning gamely, his mother with baffled pain in her eyes.

The boy started to laugh. "I guess I—" He stopped. "Gosh, Dad, I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Heck, no, I'm all right. Next time . . ."

"Yeah, maybe next time . . ."

And his mother did not contradict what they said, for she knew as well as they that there would never be a next time.

FOR a moment the three of them stood looking at one another, and then, suddenly, blindly, the boy turned. He ran through the door under which he had ducked so many times when he had ridden on his father's shoulders. He went out the kitchen door, behind which he had hidden, waiting to leap out and pounce upon his father's legs.

It was dark outside. He stood on the steps, feeling the air cool against his sweaty body. He stood with lifted head, looking at the stars, and then he could not see them because of the tears that burned his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

By ROBERT J. CASEY

The Case of the Missing Teller

A lively hand at telling a hilarious story, Mr. Casey here recounts a couple of good ones about a fabulous newspaperman in the hurly-burly days of journalism.

SI CLARE came to the Chicago *Herald-Examiner* and rose to great prominence.

The desk next to Mr. Clare's was occupied by Mr. Earl Ackroyd, another of those geniuses who drift unsung through the newspaper business. Mr. Ackroyd in some previous existence had learned how to take a typewriter apart and put it together again and his mechanical skill had remained with him when he became a rewrite man for the *Examiner*.

Typewriter Repair

One afternoon with time hanging on his hands he noticed the sad state of Mr. Clare's typewriter and was seized by a generous impulse to fix it up.

He sent a boy across the street for a ten-cent screwdriver and went to work. When he had finished, the typewriter was mechanically as good as before but it was different. The ingenious Mr. Ackroyd had changed the position of quite a lot of the type bars without disturbing the keys. He put away his screwdriver and sat back expectantly. He had the feeling that Mr. Clare would have a lot of fun with his typewriter.

Mr. Clare came in at five o'clock as expected and in the cheery state that Mr. Ackroyd had foreseen. He sat down and wrote:

By Si Clare

Gang guns blazed again today on Chicago's West Side and in the thinning smoke of black powder the police discovered the bodies of Tony ("The Flea") Rasputti and John ("Bowlegs") Iskovitch. . . .

Or at least that is what he thought he was writing. When he looked at his copy he read:

Reprinted by permission from *Such Interesting People*, by Robert Casey, published by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

On Lo Eswkt
Uwf uxf qswmtr wuwof zgrwn gf
Eioewug'l Vtz Lort wfr of zit zioffofu
ldgat gy qswea hgvrtk zit hgsoet rolegctkt
zit qgrot gy Zgfn ("Zit Ystw") Kwlhxeeo
wfr Pgif ("Qgvstul") Olagcozei. . . .

Mr. Clare showed alarm. He tore the copy paper out of the typewriter and handed it to Mr. Ackroyd.

"Look at that," he urged. "Does it make sense?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Ackroyd, who knew in advance what assignment Mr. Clare had been covering. "It's about Rasputti and Iskovitch. They got shot."

Mr. Clare tried it again with no better result, arose in sudden panic and started out of the office.

"Something has got me," he announced hollowly. "I can think swell but I can't write anything that I can read."

One of Mr. Clare's expeditions became a classic among students of the Vigorous Method.

Down in middle Illinois one day a banker came back to his bank after lunch and noticed that his teller was missing. The door of the teller's cage stood open. Some \$2000 in cash was gone. But that wasn't the worst of it. The big vault was closed and in front of it lay the clerk's handkerchief.

The banker sent out an immediate call for help.

"My bank has been robbed," he reported. "I don't know what the loss may total. The robbers must have overpowered Jimmy and shoved him into the vault. The door can't be opened until tomorrow morning because of the time lock. It's an airtight modern vault and he'll die there. He'll die!"

The Vigorous Method in Action

The wire services brought this sad news to the *Examiner* office and Mr. Clare was assigned to see what he could do about it. He rushed into the office of the current managing editor, got full authority to proceed and thereupon launched a campaign.

Mr. Clare began as usual by calling a railroad president. The railroad president, as usual, donated the use of a

special train. It consisted of one locomotive and one coach but that was enough.

Then Mr. Clare called the warden of Joliet penitentiary.

"I want to borrow a safe-cracker for a few hours," he explained lucidly.

"A what?" demanded the warden.

"A safe-cracker," repeated Mr. Clare. "This is the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* and we need a safe-cracker to save a boy who's dying in a vault. You can send guards along with him, but we've got to have him."

"You ought to have a court order," mentioned the warden. "This is all very irregular."

But one never got anywhere talking about irregularities with Mr. Clare.

"I've got a special train waiting for me now," he said finally. "You have your man down at the railroad station in an hour and we'll pick him up. And you'd better find us a good one because this is a tough vault."

Within an hour after he had received the assignment Mr. Clare was on his way. Messages of good cheer were sent by the *Examiner* to the banker, the boy's worried parents and the local constable. The safe-cracker, well pleased with his prospect for a holiday, was waiting at the Joliet station with a kit of tools taken from the penitentiary museum.

Two hours later the train rolled into the banker's town. The stationmaster came out to point the way to a convenient siding. But there was no reception committee. That annoyed Mr. Clare who had pictured himself leaping with his photographer into the arms of an anxious populace.

At the bank he discovered what had become of the citizenry. A mechanic was trundling out an oxyacetylene welding outfit. The air was filled with the reek of something burning. The vault door stood open.

"I'm sorry," said the mechanic apologetically. "But we didn't think you'd get here in time. So I cut the lock with a torch. The teller wasn't there. He took it on the lam somewhere with about twenty thousand bucks."

Footnotes to History

Behind great events are always people—and the little things are sometimes the most important

Editorial from the New York Times

We want to share with you two newspaper pieces, an editorial and a column. They stand out among the millions of words written and spoken on the President's inauguration. We know they will thrill you—as they did us. They remind us that behind great events there are always people—people who love and laugh and cry—and that Presidents, too, are people.

HISTORY is not only the great speech, the fateful vote, the bold decision. It is also small things. It is the web on which the design of the tapestry is embroidered.

History is young men scrambling up trees in front of the Capitol in Washington to watch the inauguration; it is a crowd growing a little fidgety because the ceremonies are delayed; it is an ex-President shaking hands with a man about to become another ex-President; it is a husband kissing his wife after taking the world's most solemn oath for the world's hardest job; it is the wife looking proud and happy and wondering if her orchids are properly and securely pinned; it is a new President and his wife deciding where to sit down in the reviewing stand; it is the voices of women and children amid the roar of applause as the parade passes; it is the bands playing the old marching song of the Confederates who fought so bravely to destroy the Union and whose grandchildren and great-grandchildren now rejoice that the Union was not destroyed.

History is an outgoing President riding up Pennsylvania Avenue with his successor, each trying to make pleasant conversation while each hears the loud ticking of the clock that brings noon nearer.

History is President Harry S. Truman relaxing in his chair as the burden is taken from his shoulders, but also sol-

emn, a little sad and a little wistful, as though he might be thinking, at the end, of things he might have done and did not do.

The New President

History is the Secret Service men leaving plain Mr. Truman as a man securely safe and giving their full attention to Dwight D. Eisenhower. History is the Presidential eagle and the Presidential flag passing from one man to another.

History is a new vision of a man we

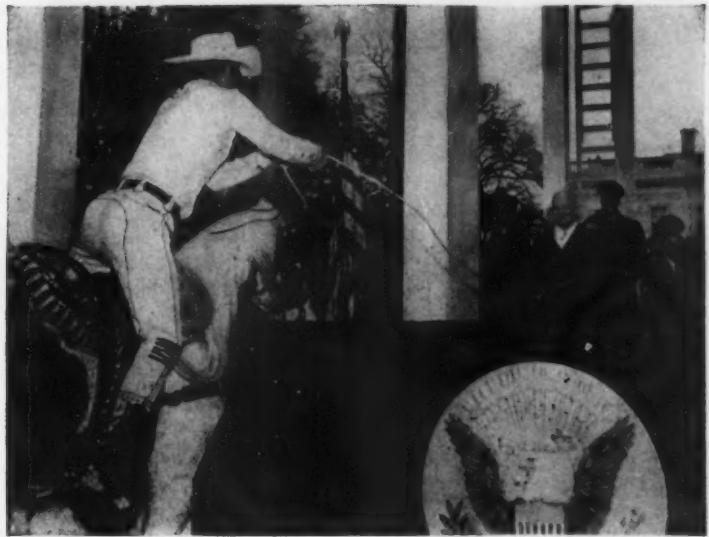
thought we knew: the General who commanded armies, who had to send men to their deaths in order to win peace and who later labored so hard against such great obstacles to make the peace permanent; the political campaigner who traveled the length and breadth of the country last summer and fall, the victor in politics as well as in war—this man, visible in the flesh to a few thousands and on television to many millions, was suddenly a poignant figure. The tears came into his eyes, his face worked with emotion as the time



Wide World photo

"The President escorts his successor to the Capitol for swearing in . . . the inauguration's greatest moment . . . as splendid and magnificent as the coronation of any king."

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Wide World photo

There is "tomfoolery," too, as when the President is lassoed by a cowboy.

came for him to say the terrible words that would make him a prisoner and servant of the nation for four years to come.

He had a "private prayer" of his own to add to the other prayers of the inauguration ceremony. Nobody could have doubted the depth of his sincerity, the greatness of his patriotism.

A little later he stood for a while in front of a pillar on the reviewing stand as the West Point corps of cadets swung by. Forty years earlier he had been in that marching gray mass. Now he was their Commander in Chief. Now he had to command all the armed forces of the United States, and to do this justly and honorably, and if possible without the blood sacrifice. He was surrounded by friends, and yet one was aware of the tragic loneliness of this President—and indeed of any American President. Democracy demands its sacrifices. It has no pity on those it delights to honor. This realization seemed to come yesterday to President Eisenhower.

Tomfoolery, Too

But we are not a somber people. The day that was heavy for Harry S. Truman and for Herbert Hoover with memories of time gone by, and heavy, too, for the new President looking into the fog of times to come, was also gay. It was gay for various reasons, and at some hours even for these three men.

It was gay with the blare of marching bands and a little tomfoolery and some feasting and some dancing.

As a people, and this we show on such occasions, we are not ashamed of our past and we are not afraid of our future. Democracy is a solemn responsibility to bear, but there also is a lilt and music in it. After the high resolves are taken and we stand firmly to the defense of our country and our principles, we still have energy for laughter and for play. These belong also with Inauguration Day.

From Walter Lippmann's column, "Today and Tomorrow"

This is an excerpt from Walter Lippmann's syndicated newspaper column on the day before the inauguration.

IN HIS farewell address to the nation the President [Truman] said at the beginning that he was glad to have a part to play on Inauguration Day—"glad the whole world will have a chance to see how simply and how peacefully our American system transfers the vast power of the Presidency from my hands to his." That is well said, and what it says has more and more meaning the more we think of it.

Hats Off

I first heard it said more than thirty years ago, shortly after Woodrow Wilson had played his part in the inauguration of Warren Harding. Frank Cobb, who was a passionate Wilsonian Democrat, used to tell his editorial writers on the old *New York World* that there was one public show about which no one of them was to be hard-boiled, cynical, partisan, or indifferent—and that when they wrote about it, they would please take off their hats. This was the ceremony of the inauguration, and particularly its greatest moment, which is when the President escorts his successor to the Capitol for the swearing in.

* * *

This simple custom is, to one who sees it as Cobb did with the eye of an historical imagination, a tremendous rite, as splendid and magnificent as the coronation of any king. It is the visible

climax of the democratic process: the recognition by the President that the succession is legitimate, that the title of the new President cannot be contested, that the system of the Constitution continues.

The Verdict of the People

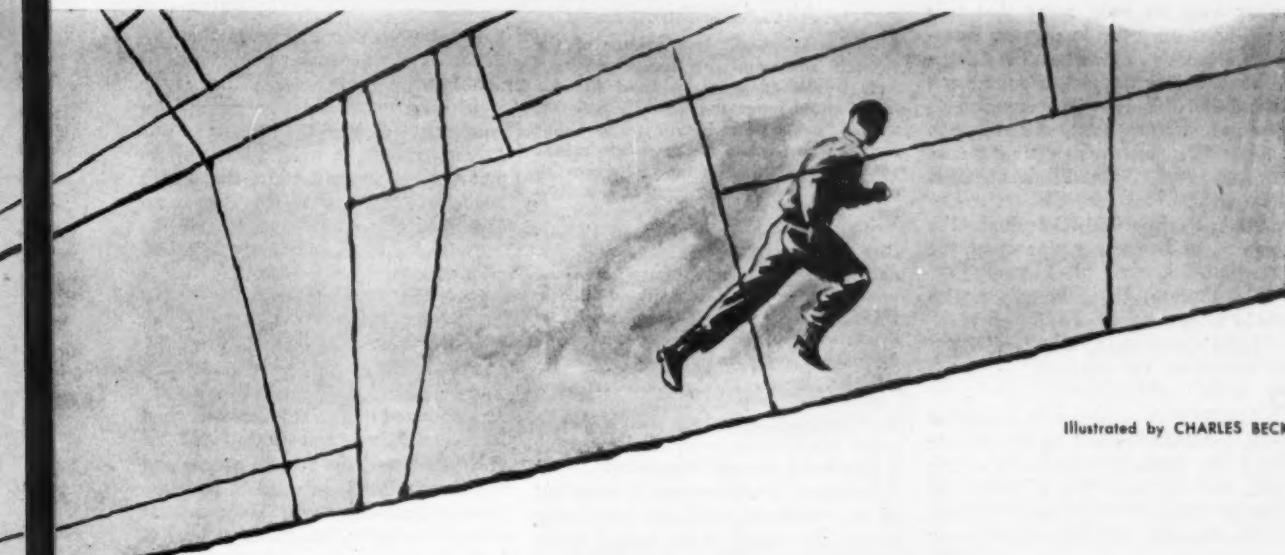
Though Cobb did not live to see more than the first intimations of the latter-day tyrannies, he knew how short and troubled have been the attempts of men to conduct democratic governments.

He was near enough to the generation of our own Civil War, as is Harry Truman of Missouri, not merely to know but in fact to feel how unusual it has been for free institutions and democratic government to endure very long when the great powers of life and death, of wealth and favor, are staked upon the outcome of frequent elections.

There have been many republics. Very few have lasted very long. Most of them have perished in the struggle of factions, with the victors temporarily in possession of all the power and the vanquished owing them no loyalty.

And so, against the long record of brave attempts and repeated disaster, Inauguration Day in America is a solemn and inspiring occasion. It marks the acceptance of what throughout most of human history is denied and rejected; the acceptance of the verdict of the people on who is to govern the nation. It is a spectacle that can never be taken for granted. Always it is a moment for wonder and for awe.





Illustrated by CHARLES BECK

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

General Zaroff was playing a game—

but the stakes of the game were life and death

By RICHARD CONNELL

"OFF there to the right—somewhere—is a large island," said Whitney. "It's rather a mystery."

"What island is it?" Rainsford asked.

"The old charts call it 'Ship Trap Island,'" Whitney replied. "A suggestive name, isn't it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I don't know why. Some superstition—"

"Can't see it," remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dank tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick, warm blackness in upon the yacht.

"You have good eyes," said Whitney, with a laugh, "and I've seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall bush at four hundred yards; but even you can't see four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night."

"Nor four yards," admitted Rainsford. "Ugh! It's like moist black velvet."

"It will be light enough in Rio," promised Whitney. "We should make it

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in a few days. I hope the jaguar guns have come. We'll have some good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting."

"The best sport in the world," agreed Rainsford.

"For the hunter," amended Whitney. "Not for the jaguar."

"Don't talk rot, Whitney," said Rainsford. "You're a big-game hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?"

"Perhaps the jaguar does," observed Whitney.

"Bah! They've no understanding."

"Even so, I rather think they understand one thing—fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Rainsford. "This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes—the hunters and the hunted. Luckily, you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

"I can't tell in the dark. I hope so."

"Why?" asked Rainsford.

"The place has a reputation—a bad one. It's gotten into sailor lore, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a bit jumpy today?"

"They were a bit strange, now you mention it. Even Captain Nielson—"

"Yes, even that tough-minded old Swede, who'd go up to the devil himself and ask him for a light. All I could get out of him was: 'This place has an evil name among seafaring men, sir.' Then he said to me, very gravely: 'Don't you feel anything?'—as if the air about us was actually poisonous. Now, you mustn't laugh when I tell you this—I did feel something like a sudden chill."

"There was no breeze. The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was a—a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread."

"Pure imagination," said Rainsford. "One superstitious sailor can taint the whole ship's company with his fear."

"Maybe. But sometimes I think

sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing—with wave lengths, just as sound and light have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil. Anyhow, I'm glad we're getting out of this zone. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford."

"I'm not sleepy," said Rainsford. "I'm going to smoke another pipe up on the afterdeck."

"Good night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast."

"Right. Good night, Whitney."

RAINSFORD, reclining in a steamer chair, indolently puffed on his favorite briar. The sensuous drowsiness of the night was on him. "It's so dark," he thought, "that I could sleep without closing my eyes; the night would be my eyelids—"

An abrupt sound startled him. Off to the right he had heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped up on the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the blood-warm waters of the Caribbean Sea closed over his head.

He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong strokes after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet. A certain cool-headedness had come to him; it was not the first time he had been in a tight place. There was a chance that his cries could be heard by someone aboard the yacht, but that chance was slender, and grew more slender as the yacht raced on. He wrestled himself out of his clothes, and shouted with all his power. The lights of the yacht became faint and ever-vanishing fireflies; then they were blotted out entirely by the night.

Rainsford remembered that the shots had come from the right; and doggedly he swam in that direction, swimming with slow, deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless

About the Author

RICHARD CONNELL is a master of the mystery story and the horror tale. His first published story, penned for the high school magazine when he was 13, was a "goose-flesh horror piece about a man who pushed his rival into a lard vat." One of the first books he says he ever took from a library was the mystery tales of Poe.

While a student at Harvard University, he wrote for the college paper, and after his graduation became a newspaper reporter. On his discharge from the Army in World War I, he began to write fiction. He is the author of many stories and seven books.

time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes; he could do possibly a hundred more and then—

Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the darkness, a high, screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.

He did not recognize the animal that made the sound; he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato.

"Pistol shot," muttered Rainsford, swimming on.

Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears—the most welcome he had ever heard—the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling waters. Jagged crags appeared to jut up into the opaqueness; he forced himself upward, hand over hand. Gasping, his hands raw, he reached a flat place at the top. Dense jungle came down to the very edge of the cliffs. What perils that tangle of trees and underbrush might hold for him did not concern Rainsford just then. All he knew was that he was safe from the sea, and that utter weariness was on him. He flung himself down and tumbled headlong into the deepest sleep of his life.

When he opened his eyes, he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him. He looked about him, almost cheerfully.

"Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food," he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and ragged jungle fringed the shore. He saw no sign of a trail through the closely knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and he floundered along by the water. Not far

from where he had landed, he stopped.

Some wounded thing, by the evidence a large animal, had thrashed about in the underbrush; the jungle weeds were crushed down and the moss was lacerated; one patch of weeds was stained crimson. A small, glittering object not far away caught Rainsford's eye and he picked it up. It was an empty cartridge.

"A twenty-two," he remarked. "That's odd. It must have been a fairly large animal, too. The hunter had his nerve with him to tackle it with a light gun. It's clear that the brute put up a fight. I suppose the first three shots I heard was when the hunter flushed his quarry and wounded it. The last shot was when he trailed it here and finished it."

He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped to find—the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but making headway; night was beginning to settle down.

Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. He came upon them as he turned a crook in the coast line, and his first thought was that he had come upon a village, for there were many lights. But as he forged along he saw to his great astonishment that all the lights were in one enormous building—a lofty structure with pointed towers plunging upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial chateau; it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.

"Mirage," thought Rainsford. But it was no mirage, he found, when he opened the tall spiked iron gate. The stone steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle for a knocker was real enough; yet about it all hung an air of unreality.

HE lifted the knocker; and it creaked stiffly, as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it startled him with its booming loudness. He thought he heard steps within; the door remained closed. Again Rainsford lifted the heavy knocker, and let it fall. The door opened suddenly, and Rainsford stood blinking in the river of glaring gold light that poured out. The first thing his eyes discerned was the largest man he had ever seen—a gigantic creature, solidly made and black-bearded almost to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barreled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's



heart. Out of the snarl of beard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber. I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford."

The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointed as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in uniform, a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakhan.

"I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced to Rainsford and held out his hand.

In a cultivated voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said: "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home."

Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

"I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man. "I am General Zaroff."

Rainsford's first impression was that the man was singularly handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He was a tall man past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military mustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheekbones, a sharp-cut nose, a spare, dark face of

an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

"Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow," remarked the general, "but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow, but, I'm afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage."

"Is he Russian?"

"He is a Cossack," said the general, and his smile showed red lips and pointed teeth. "So am I."

"Come," he said, "we shouldn't be chatting here. We can talk later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This is a most restful spot."

Ivan had reappeared, and the general spoke to him with lips that moved but gave forth no sound.

"Follow Ivan, if you please, Mr. Rainsford," said the general. "I was about to have my dinner. I'll wait for you. You'll find that my clothes will fit you, I think."

It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged bedroom with a canopied bed big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant. Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford put it on.

The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it suggested a baronial hall of feudal times with its oaken panels, its high ceiling, its vast refectory table where twoscore men could sit down to eat. About the hall were the mounted heads of many animals—lions, tigers, elephants, moose, beasts; larger or more perfect specimens Rainsford had never seen. At the great table the general was sitting alone. Rainsford noted the table appointments were of the finest—the linen, the crystal, the silver, the china.

They were eating *borsch*. Half apologetically General Zaroff said: "We do our best to preserve the amenities of civilization here. Please forgive any

lapses. We are well off the beaten track, you know."

Rainsford was finding the general a most thoughtful and affable host, a true cosmopolite. But there was one small trait of the general's that made Rainsford uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up from his plate he found the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

"Perhaps," said General Zaroff, "you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and that is the hunt."

"You have some wonderful heads here," said Rainsford as he ate a particularly well-cooked filet mignon. "That Cape buffalo is the largest I ever saw."

"Oh, that fellow. Yes, he was a monster."

"Did he charge you?"

"Hurled me against a tree," said the general. "Fractured my skull. But I got the brute."

"I've always thought," said Rainsford, "that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all big game."

For a moment the general did not reply; he was smiling his curious red-lipped smile. Then he said slowly: "No. You are wrong, sir. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game." He sipped his wine. "Here in my preserve on this island," he said in the same slow tone, "I hunt more dangerous game."

Rainsford expressed his surprise. "Is there big game on this island?"

The general nodded. "The biggest."

"Really?"

"Oh, it isn't here naturally, of course. I have to stock the island."

"What have you imported, general?" Rainsford asked. "Tigers?"

The general smiled. "No," he said. "Hunting tigers ceased to interest me years ago. I exhausted their possibilities, you see. No thrill left in tigers, no real danger. I live for danger, Mr. Rainsford."

The general took from his pocket a gold cigarette case and offered his guest a long black cigarette with a silver tip; it was perfumed and gave off a smell like incense.

"We will have some capital hunting, you and I," said the general. "I shall be most glad to have your society."

"But what game—" began Rainsford.

"I'll tell you," said the general. "You will be amused, I know. I think I may say, in all modesty, that I have done a rare thing. I have invented a new sensation. May I pour you another glass of port, Mr. Rainsford?"

"Thank you, General."

The general filled both glasses, and said: "God makes some men poets. Some he makes kings, some beggars. Me He made a hunter. My hand was made for the trigger, my father said. He was a very rich man with a quarter of a million acres in the Crimea, and he was an ardent sportsman. When I was only five years old, he gave me a little gun to shoot sparrows with. When I shot some of his prize turkeys with it, he did not punish me; he complimented me on my marksmanship. I killed my first bear when I was ten. My whole life has been one prolonged hunt. I went into the army—it was expected of noblemen's sons—and for a time commanded a division of Cossack cavalry, but my real interest was always the hunt. I have hunted every kind of game in every land. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many animals I have killed."

THE general puffed at his cigarette.

"After the debacle in Russia I left the country, for it was imprudent for an officer of the Czar to stay there. Many noble Russians lost everything. I, luckily, had invested heavily in American securities. Naturally, I continued to hunt—grizzlies in your Rockies, crocodiles in the Ganges, rhinoceroses in East Africa. It was in Africa that the Cape buffalo hit me and laid me up for six months. As soon as I recovered I started for the Amazon to hunt jaguars, for I had heard they were unusually cunning. They weren't." The Cossack sighed. "I was bitterly disappointed. I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought pushed its way into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life. I have heard that in America businessmen often go to pieces when they give up the business that has been their life."

"Yes, that's so," said Rainsford.

The general smiled. "I had no wish to go to pieces," he said. "I must do something. Now, mine is an analytical mind, Mr. Rainsford. Doubtless that is why I enjoy the problems of the chase."

"No doubt, General Zaroff."

"So," continued the general, "I asked myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. You are much younger than I am, Mr. Rainsford, and have not hunted as much; but you perhaps can guess the answer."

"What was it?"

"Simply this: hunting had ceased to be what you call 'a sporting proposition.' It had become too easy. I always

got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection."

The general lit a fresh cigarette.

"No animal had a chance with me any more. That is no boast; it is a mathematical certainty. The animal had nothing but his legs and his instinct. Instinct is no match for reason. When I thought of this it was a tragic moment for me, I can tell you."

Rainsford leaned across the table, absorbed in what his host was saying.

"It came to me as an inspiration what I must do," the general went on.

"And that was?"

The general smiled the quiet smile of one who has faced an obstacle and surmounted it with success. "I had to invent a new animal to hunt," he said.

"A new animal? You're joking."

"Not at all," said the general. "I never joke about hunting. I needed a new animal. I found one. So I bought this island, built this house, and here I do my hunting. The island is perfect for my purposes—there are jungles with a maze of trails in them, hills, swamps—"

"But the animal, General Zaroff?"

"Oh," said the general, "it supplies me with the most exciting hunting in the world. No other hunting compares with it for an instant. Every day I hunt, and I never grow bored now, for I have a quarry with which I can match my wits."

Rainsford's bewilderment showed in his face. "I wanted the ideal animal to hunt," explained the general. "So I said: 'What are the attributes of an ideal quarry?' And the answer was, of course: 'It must have courage, cunning, and above all, it must be able to reason.'"

"But no animal can reason," objected Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "there is one that can."

"But you can't mean—" gasped Rainsford.

"And why not?"

"I can't believe you are serious, General Zaroff. This is a grisly joke."

"Why should I not be serious? I am speaking of hunting."

The general laughed with entire good nature. He regarded Rainsford quizzically. "I refuse to believe that so modern and civilized a young man as you seem to be harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life. Surely your experience in the recent war—"

"Did not make me condone cold-blooded murder," finished Rainsford stiffly.

Laughter shook the general. "How extraordinarily droll you are!" he said. "One does not expect nowadays to find a young man of the educated class, even in America, with such a naive,

and, if I may say so, mid-Victorian point of view. Ah, well, I'll wager you'll forget your notions when you go hunting with me. You've a genuine new thrill in store for you, Mr. Rainsford."

"Thank you, I'm a hunter, not a murderer."

"Dear me," said the general, quite unruffled, "again that unpleasant word. But I think I can show you that your scruples are quite ill-founded."

"Yes?"

"Life is for the strong to be lived by the strong, and, if needs be, taken by the strong. The weak of the world were put here to give the strong pleasure. I am strong. Why should I not use my gift? I wish to hunt, why should I not? I hunt the scum of the earth—sailors from tramp ships—lascars,* blacks, Chinese, whites, mongrels—a thoroughbred horse or hound is worth more than a score of them."

"But they are men," said Rainsford hotly.

"Precisely," said the general. "That is why I use them. It gives me pleasure. They can reason, after a fashion. So they are dangerous."

"But where do you get them?"

The general's left eyelid fluttered down in a wink. "This island is called Ship-Trap," he answered. "Sometimes an angry god of the high seas sends them to me. Sometimes, when Providence is not so kind, I help Providence a bit. Come to the window with me."

RAINSFORD went to the window and looked out toward the sea.

"Watch! Out there!" exclaimed the general, pointing into the night. Rainsford's eyes saw only blackness, and then, as the general pressed a button, far out to sea Rainsford saw the flash of lights.

The general chuckled. "They indicate a charnel," he said, "where there's none: giant rocks with razor edges crouch like a sea monster with wide-open jaws. They can crush a ship as easily as I crush this nut." He dropped a walnut on the hardwood floor and brought his heel grinding down on it. "Oh, yes," he said, casually, as if in answer to a question, "I have electricity. We try to be civilized here."

"Civilized? And you shoot down men?"

A trace of anger was in the general's black eyes, but it was there for only a second; then he said, in his most pleasant manner: "Dear me, what a righteous young man you are! I assure you I do not do the thing you suggest. That would be barbarous. I treat these vis-

*Malayan or East Indian sailors.

itors with every consideration. They get plenty of good food and exercise. They get into splendid physical condition. You shall see for yourself tomorrow."

"What do you mean?"

"We shall visit my training school," smiled the general. "It's in the cellar. I have about a dozen pupils down there now. They're from the Spanish bark *San Lucas* that had the bad luck to go on the rocks out there. A very inferior lot, I regret to say. Poor specimens and more accustomed to the deck than to the jungle."

He raised his hand, and Ivan brought thick Turkish coffee. Rainsford, with an effort, held his tongue in check.

"It's a game, you see," pursued the general blandly. "I suggest to one of them that we go hunting. I give him a supply of food and an excellent hunting knife. I give him three hours' start. I am to follow, armed only with a pistol of the smallest caliber and range. If my quarry eludes me for three whole days, he wins the game. If I find him—the general smiles—"he loses."

"Suppose he refused to be hunted?"

"Oh," said the general, "I give him his option, of course. He need not play that game if he doesn't wish to. If he does not wish to hunt, I turn him over to Ivan. Ivan once had the honor of serving as official knouter* to the Great White Czar, and he has his own ideas of sport. Invariably, Mr. Rainsford, invariably they choose the hunt."

"And if they win?"

The smile on the general's face widened. "To date I have not lost," he said.

Then he added, hastily: "I don't wish you to think me a braggart, Mr. Rainsford. Many of them afford only the most elementary sort of problem. Occasionally I strike a tartar. One almost did win. I eventually had to use the dogs."

"The dogs?"

"This way, please. I'll show you."

The general steered Rainsford to a window. The lights from the windows sent a flickering illumination that made grotesque patterns on the courtyard below, and Rainsford could see moving about there a dozen or so huge black shapes; as they turned toward him, their eyes glittered greenly.

"A rather good lot, I think," observed the general. "They are let out at seven every night. If anyone should try to get into my house—or out of it—something extremely regrettable would occur to him." He hummed a snatch of a gay French song.

"And now," said the general, "I want to show you my new collection of

heads. Will you come with me to the library?"

"I hope," said Rainsford, "that you will excuse me tonight, General Zaroff. I'm really not feeling at all well."

"Ah, indeed?" the general inquired solicitously. "Well, I suppose that's only natural after your long swim. You need a good, restful night's sleep. Tomorrow you'll feel like a new man, I'll wager. Then we'll hunt, eh? I've one rather promising prospect—"

Rainsford was hurrying from the room.

"Sorry you can't go with me tonight," called the general. "I expect rather fair sport—a big, strong black. He looks resourceful—Well, good night, Mr. Rainsford; I hope you have a good night's rest."

The bed was good, and the pajamas of the softest silk, and he was tired in every fiber of his being; nevertheless Rainsford could not quiet his brain with the opiate of sleep. He lay, eyes wide open. Once he thought he heard



stealthy steps in the corridor outside his room. He sought to throw open the door; it would not open. He went to the window and looked out. His room was high up in one of the towers. The lights of the chateau were out now, and it was dark and silent, but there was a fragment of a pale moon, and by its wan light he could see, dimly, the courtyard; there, weaving in and out in the pattern of shadow, were black, noiseless forms; the hounds heard him at the window and looked up, expectantly, with their green eyes. Rainsford went back to the bed and lay down.

By many methods he tried to put himself to sleep. He had achieved a doze when, just as morning began to come, he heard far off in the jungle, the faint report of a pistol.

General Zaroff did not appear until luncheon. He was dressed faultlessly in the tweeds of a country squire. He was solicitous about the state of Rainsford's health.

"As for me," sighed the general, "I do not feel so well. I am worried, Mr. Rainsford. Last night I detected traces of my old complaint."

To Rainsford's questioning glance the general said: "Ennui. Boredom."

Then, taking a second helping of crepes suzette, the general explained: "The hunting was not good last night. The fellow lost his head. He made a straight trail that offered no problems at all. That's the trouble with these sailors; they have dull brains to begin with, and they do not know how to get about in the woods. They do excessively stupid and obvious things. It's most annoying. Will you have another glass of wine, Mr. Rainsford?"

"General," said Rainsford firmly, "I wish to leave this island at once."

The general raised his eyebrows; he seemed hurt. "But, my dear fellow," he protested, "you've only just come. You've had no hunting—"

"I wish to go today," said Rainsford. He saw the dead-black eyes of the general on him, studying him. General Zaroff's face suddenly brightened.

He filled Rainsford's glass from a dusty bottle.

"Tonight," said the general, "we will hunt—you and I."

Rainsford shook his head. "No, General," he said. "I will not hunt."

The general shrugged his shoulders and delicately ate a hothouse grape. "As you wish, my friend," he said. "The choice rests entirely with you. But may I not venture to suggest that you will find my idea of sport more diverting than Ivan's?"

He nodded toward the corner to where the giant stood, scowling, his thick arms crossed on his chest.

"You don't mean—" cried Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "have I not told you I always mean what I say about hunting? This is really an inspiration. I drink to a foeman worthy of my steel—at last."

The general raised his glass, but Rainsford sat staring at him.

"You'll find this game worth playing," the general said enthusiastically. "Your brain against mine. Your woodcraft against mine. Your strength and stamina against mine. Outdoor chess! And the stake is not without value, eh?"

*Flogger of prisoners.

"And if I win—" began Rainsford huskily.

"I'll cheerfully acknowledge myself defeated if I do not find you by midnight of the third day," said General Zaroff. "My sloop will place you on the mainland near a town."

The general read what Rainsford was thinking.

"Oh, you can trust me," said the Cossack. "I will give you my word as a gentleman and a sportsman. Of course, you in turn must agree to say nothing of your visit here."

"I'll agree to nothing of the kind," said Rainsford.

"Oh," said the general, "in that case—But why discuss that now? Three days hence we can discuss it over a bottle of wine, unless—"

The general sipped his port.

Then a businesslike air animated him. "Ivan," he said to Rainsford, "will supply you with hunting clothes, food, a knife. I suggest you wear moccasins; they leave a poorer trail. I suggest, too, that you avoid the big swamp in the southeast corner of the island. We call it Death Swamp. There's quicksand there. One foolish fellow tried it. The deplorable part of it was that Lazarus followed him. You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Rainsford. I loved Lazarus; he was the finest hound in my pack. Well, I must beg you to excuse me now. I always take a siesta after lunch. You'll hardly have time for a nap, I fear. You'll want to start, no doubt. I shall not follow till dusk. Hunting at night is so much more exciting than by day, don't you think? *Au revoir*, Mr. Rainsford, *au revoir*."

General Zaroff, with a deep, courtly bow, strolled from the room. From another door came Ivan. Under one arm he carried khaki hunting clothes, a haversack of food, a leather sheath containing a long-bladed hunting knife; his right hand rested on a cocked revolver thrust in the crimson sash about his waist. . . .

RAINSFORD had fought his way through the bush for two hours. "I must keep my nerve," he said through tight teeth.

He had not been entirely clear-headed when the chateau gates snapped shut behind him. His whole idea at first was to put distance between himself and General Zaroff; and, to this end, he had plunged along, spurred on by something very much like panic. Now he had got a grip on himself, had stopped, and was taking stock of himself and the situation.

He saw that straight flight was futile;

inevitably it would bring him face to face with the sea. He was in a picture with a frame of water, and his operations, clearly, must take place within that frame.

"I'll give him a trail to follow," muttered Rainsford, and he struck off from the rude path he had been following into the trackless wilderness. He executed a series of intricate loops; he doubled on his trail again and again, recalling all the lore of the fox hunt, and all the dodges of the fox. Night found him leg-weary, with hands and face lashed by the branches, on a thickly wooded ridge. He knew it would be insane to blunder on through the dark, even if he had the strength. His need for rest was imperative and he thought: "I have played the fox, now I must play the cat of the fable."

A big tree with a thick trunk and outspread branches was nearby, and, taking care to leave not the slightest mark, he climbed up, and stretching out on one of the broad limbs, after a fashion, rested. Rest brought him new confidence and almost a feeling of security. Even so zealous a hunter as General Zaroff could not trace him there, he told himself; only the devil himself could follow that complicated trail through the jungle after dark. But, perhaps, the general was a devil—

An apprehensive night crawled slowly by like a wounded snake, and sleep did not visit Rainsford, although the silence of a dead world was on the jungle. Toward morning when a dingy gray was varnishing the sky, the cry of some startled bird focused Rainsford's attention in that direction. Something was coming through the bush, coming slowly, carefully, coming by the same winding way Rainsford had come. He flattened himself down on the limb, and through a screen of leaves almost as thick as tapestry, he watched. The thing that was approaching was a man.

It was General Zaroff. He made his way along with his eyes fixed in utmost concentration on the ground before him. He paused, almost beneath the tree, dropped to his knees and studied the ground. Rainsford's impulse was to hurl himself down like a panther, but he saw that the general's right hand held something metallic—a small automatic pistol.

The hunter shook his head several times, as if he were puzzled. Then he straightened up and took from his case one of his black cigarettes; its incense-like smoke floated up to Rainford's nostrils.

Rainsford held his breath. The general's eyes had left the ground and were traveling inch by inch up the tree. Rainsford froze there, every muscle

tensed for a spring. But the sharp eyes of the hunter stopped before he reached the limb where Rainsford lay; a smile spread over his brown face. Very deliberately he blew a smoke ring into the air; then he turned his back on the tree and walked carelessly away, back along the trail he had come. The swish of the underbrush against his hunting boots grew fainter and fainter.

THE pent-up air burst hotly from Rainsford's lungs. His first thought made him feel sick and numb. The general could follow a trail through the woods at night; he could follow an extremely difficult trail; he must have uncanny powers; only by the merest chance had the Cossack failed to see his quarry.

Rainsford's second thought was even more terrible. It sent a shudder of cold horror through his whole being. Why had the general smiled? Why had he turned back?

Rainsford did not want to believe what his reason told him was true, but the truth was as evident as the sun that by now had pushed through the morning mists. The general was playing with him! The general was saving him for another day's sport! The Cossack was the cat; he was the mouse. Then it was that Rainsford knew the full meaning of terror.

"I will not lose my nerve. I will not."

He slid down from the tree, and struck off again into the woods. His face was set and he forced the machinery of his mind to function. Three hundred yards from his hiding place he stopped where a huge dead tree leaned precariously on a smaller, living one. Throwing off his sack of food, Rainsford took his knife from its sheath and began to work with all his energy.

The job was finished at last, and he threw himself down behind a fallen log a hundred feet away. He did not have to wait long. The cat was coming again to play with the mouse.

Following the trail with the sureness of a bloodhound, came General Zaroff. Nothing escaped those searching black eyes, no crushed blade of grass, no bent twig, no mark, no matter how faint, in the moss. So intent was the Cossack on his stalking that he was upon the thing Rainsford had made before he saw it. His foot touched the protruding bough that was the trigger. Even as he touched it, the general sensed his danger and leaped back with the agility of an ape. But he was not quite quick enough; the dead tree, delicately adjusted to rest on the cut living one, crashed down and struck the general a glancing blow on the

shoulder as it fell; but for his alertness, he must have been smashed beneath it. He staggered, but he did not fall; nor did he drop his revolver. He stood there, rubbing his injured shoulder; and Rainsford, with fear again gripping his heart, heard the general's mocking laugh ring through the jungle.

"Rainsford," called the general. "If you are within sound of my voice, as I suppose you are, let me congratulate you. Not many men know how to make a Malay man-catcher. Luckily for me, I, too, have hunted in Malacca. You are proving interesting, Mr. Rainsford. I am going now to have my wound dressed; it's only a slight one. But I shall be back. I shall be back."

WHEN the general had gone, Rainsford took up his flight again. It was flight now, desperate, hopeless flight that carried him on for some hours. Dusk came, then darkness, and still he pressed on. The ground grew softer under his moccasins; the vegetation grew ranker, denser; insects bit him savagely. Then, as he stepped forward, his foot sank into the ooze. He tried to wrench it back, but the muck sucked viciously at his foot as if it were a giant leech. With a violent effort, he tore his foot loose. He knew where he was now. Death Swamp and its quicksand.

His hands were tight closed as if his nerve were something tangible that someone in the darkness was trying to tear from his grip. The softness of the earth had given him an idea. He stepped back from the quicksand a dozen feet or so and, like some huge prehistoric beaver, he began to dig.

Rainsford had dug himself in in France when a second's delay meant death. That had been a pleasant pastime compared to his digging now. The pit grew deeper; when it was above his shoulders, he climbed out and from some hard saplings cut stakes and sharpened them to a fine point. These stakes he planted in the bottom of the pit with the points sticking up. With flying fingers he wove a rough carpet of weeds and branches, and with it he covered the mouth of the pit. Then, wet with sweat and aching with tiredness, he crouched behind the stump of a lightning-charred tree.

He knew his pursuer was coming; he heard the padding sound of feet on the soft earth, and the night breeze brought him the perfume of the general's cigarette. It seemed to Rainsford that the general was coming with unusual swiftness; he was not feeling his way along, foot by foot. Rainsford, crouching there, could not see the general, nor could he

see the pit. He lived a year in a minute. Then he felt an impulse to cry aloud with joy, for he heard the sharp scream of pain as the pointed stakes found their mark. He leaped up from his place of concealment. Then he cowered back. Three feet from the pit a man was standing, with an electric torch.

"You've done well, Rainsford," the voice of the general called. "Your Burmese tiger pit has claimed one of my best dogs. Again you score. I think, Mr. Rainsford, I'll see what you can do against my whole pack. I'm going home for a rest now. Thank you for a most amusing evening."

At daybreak Rainsford, lying near the swamp was awakened by a sound that made him know that he had new things to learn about fear. It was a distant sound, faint and wavering; but he knew it. It was the baying of a pack of hounds.

Rainsford knew he could do one of two things. He could stay where he was and wait. That was suicide. He could flee. That was postponing the inevitable. For a moment he stood there, thinking. An idea that held a wild chance came to him, and, tightening his belt, he headed away from the swamp. The baying of the hounds grew nearer. On a ridge Rainsford climbed a tree. Down a watercourse, not a quarter of a mile away, he could see the bush moving. Straining his eyes, he saw the lean figure of General Zaroff; just ahead of him Rainsford made out another figure whose wide shoulders surged through the tall jungle weeds; it was the giant Ivan, and he seemed pulled forward by some unseen force; Rainsford knew that Ivan must be holding the pack in leash.

They would be on him any minute now. His mind worked frantically. He thought of a native trick he had learned in Uganda. He slid down the tree. He caught hold of a springy young sapling and to it he fastened his hunting knife, with the blade pointing down the trail; with a bit of wild grapevine he tied back the sapling. Then he ran for his life. The hounds raised their voices as they hit the fresh scent. Rainsford knew now how an animal at bay feels.

He had to stop to get his breath. The baying of the hounds stopped abruptly; and Rainsford's heart stopped, too. They must have reached the knife.

He shinned excitedly up a tree and looked back. His pursuers had stopped. But the hope that was in Rainsford's brain when he climbed died, for he saw in the shallow valley that General Zaroff was still on his feet. But Ivan was not. The knife, driven by the recoil of the springing tree, had not wholly failed.

Rainsford had hardly tumbled to the

ground when the pack took up the cry again.

"Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the chateau. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea.

When the general and his pack reached the place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For some minutes he stood regarding the blue-green expanse of water. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he sat down, took a drink of brandy from a silver flask, lit a perfumed cigarette, and hummed a bit from "Madame Butterfly."

General Zaroff had an exceedingly good dinner in his great paneled dining hall that evening. With it he had a bottle of his rarest wine. Two slight annoyances kept him from perfect enjoyment. One was the thought that it would be difficult to replace Ivan; the other was that his quarry had escaped him; of course the American hadn't played the game—so thought the general as he tasted his after-dinner liqueur. In his library he read, to soothe himself, from the works of Marcus Aurelius. At ten he went up to his bedroom. He was deliciously tired, he said to himself, as he locked himself in. There was a little moonlight; so, before turning on his light, he went to the window and looked down at the courtyard. He could see the great hounds, and he called: "Better luck another time," to them. Then he switched on the light.

A MAN, who had been hiding in the curtains of the bed, was standing there.

"Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How did you get here?"

"Swam," said Rainsford. "I found it quicker than walking through the jungle."

The general sucked in his breath and smiled. "I congratulate you," he said. "You have won the game."

Rainsford did not smile. "I am still a beast at bay," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Get ready, General Zaroff."

The general made one of his deepest bows. "I see," he said. "Splendid! One of us is to furnish a repast for the hounds. The other will sleep in this very excellent bed. On guard, Rainsford."

He had never slept in a better bed, Rainsford decided.

Winslow Homer



...AN AMERICAN ARTIST



"THE FOG WARNING," oil painting

Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



"SLOOP, BERMUDA," water color

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art



"LUMBERING IN WINTER," print

Metropolitan Museum of Art

FEW artists have portrayed the sturdy, individualistic spirit of this country—or have captured the infinite variety of the moods of the sea—as vividly as Winslow Homer.

He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1836. At 19 he was apprenticed for a two-year term to a Boston lithographer. Then he set out on his own as a magazine illustrator. One of his first big assignments—for *Harper's Weekly*—was to sketch Lincoln's inauguration. Later, as an artist-correspondent to the Union Army, he rose to fame for camp drawings such as the one at right.

Winslow Homer was at the height of his career as an illustrator when he decided to try painting. Later he turned to the sea for subject matter. It is these later studies of the ocean and the men who sail it that rank him as one of America's greatest artists. He died in 1910 at the age of 74.



"THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC," Civil War print

Metropolitan Museum of Art



"EIGHT BELLS," an etching

Metropolitan Museum of Art

Poems for Spring

THE PASTURE

By Robert Frost

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too

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THE OLD SONG

By Charles Kingsley

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there
The spent and maim'd among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young!



SONG OF MYSELF

By Walt Whitman

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire* is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.

*Ant.

APRIL

By Emily Dickinson

An altered look about the hills;
A Tyrian light the village fills;
A wider sunrise in the dawn;
A deeper twilight on the lawn;
A print of vermillion foot;
A purple finger on the slope;
A flippant fly upon the pane;
A spider at his trade again;
An added strut in chanticleer;
A flower expected everywhere;
An axe shrill singing in the woods;
Fern-odors on untravelled roads,—
All this, and more I cannot tell,
A furtive look you know as well,
And Nicodemus's mystery
Receives its annual reply.

POEM

Presentiment is that long shadow on
the lawn.
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.

Caval QUIZ

• Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion

Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation • Crossword Puzzle

NAME _____ CLASS _____ MARCH, 1953

Focus on Reading

Quick Quiz

The Cub (p. 3)

A. At the end of this story, the boy rushes out-of-doors in tears. Check (✓) the reasons (there are more than one) from the following list which explain why he did so. Write "X" opposite those which do not. Count 4 points for each. Total: 20.

- ___ 1. He had meant only to test his own strength—not to make his father feel foolish, and he had learned that sometimes one exposes another's weakness when exhibiting his own strength.
- ___ 2. He thought that his father's reaction to his defeat had shown poor sportsmanship.
- ___ 3. He had been physically hurt in the match.
- ___ 4. He realized that the match was a symbol of the fact that his childhood was over.
- ___ 5. Part of loving another person is wishing to protect his pride, and without meaning to, the boy had struck a blow at his father's pride.

My score _____

B. For You to Discuss

How would you describe the relationship that had always existed between "the cub" and his father? In what way was this relationship changed by the end of the story? Why did this change make the boy feel suddenly afraid and regretful? How do you think the boy's mother and father felt about it? Was the old relationship between the boy and his father one that two grown men would want to have with each other? Why or why not? What are the possibilities and rewards open to both the boy and his father in the new relationship they are beginning? Are these new possibilities more lasting and worth-while than those of the "lost childhood"? Explain your answer.

The Most Dangerous Game (p. 8)

A. Write opposite the letter of each of the following phrases the *number* of the quotation which the phrase identifies. Count 5 points for each. Total score: 25.

(Answers appear in the Teacher Edition.)

- ___ a. Description of Ivan, servant of Gen. Zaroff.
- ___ b. Gen. Zaroff explaining why he decided to hunt "the most dangerous game."
- ___ c. Rainsford speaking before he has had his experience with Gen. Zaroff.
- ___ d. Gen. Zaroff hunting.
- ___ e. Rainsford building a trap to kill Gen. Zaroff.

- 1. "Who cares how a jaguar feels?"
- 2. "The first thing his eyes discerned was . . . a gigantic creature, solidly made and black-bearded almost to the waist."
- 3. "We do our best to preserve the amenities of civilization here."
- 4. "Hunting . . . had become too easy. . . . There is no greater bore than perfection."
- 5. "He caught hold of a springy young sapling and to it he fastened his hunting knife. . . ."
- 6. "Sometimes I think that sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger."



By Sibbs in The Best Cartoons from Punch, published by Simon and Schuster
"We're hoping that one day he'll remember his errand and go off as mysteriously as he came."

20 (2-C)

7. "Nothing escaped those searching black eyes, no crushed blade of grass, no bent twig, no mark, no matter how faint, in the moss."

My score _____

B. For You to Discuss

Do you think that Gen. Zaroff was a true sportsman—in the sense of being willing to take chances and rely on his own skill? Or did he protect himself from any real danger by the precautions he took? Explain why you think he did, or didn't, give his victims a "sporting chance." Do you think he would have been a good loser? Explain your answer by specific reference to the story.

In the story, Gen. Zaroff makes the following comment: "Life is for the strong, to be lived by the strong, and if needs be, taken by the strong." In what ways is this remark true? In what ways false? What kind of strength do you think Gen. Zaroff had in mind—the strength of power and advantage, or of strength of character? In what ways do you think that a man *ought* to be strong? Was Gen. Zaroff strong in these ways? Explain your answer.

What do you think that Rainsford, as a hunter, might have learned from his experience with Zaroff?

While the Toast Burned (p. 23)

A. Write in the space provided the name of the character in the play (Herbert Canby, Ruth Canby, Herbert Jr., Mary Lou, Grandmother Canby) described by each of the following sentences. Count 4 points for each. Total: 20.

1. He said that he was not responsible for the tire being flat, and observed that his morning orange juice was pretty thin. _____

2. His mind was filled with insurance policies and office work, but once he'd quoted "The Passionate Shepherd" to his "Darling Girl." _____

3. She wasn't one to complain, but it was a little sad to think that the mail was never for her, and that no one had noticed the rose she had placed on the table.

4. She burst into tears when her "impossible" brother showed too aggressive an interest in her letters from the most wonderful man in the world. _____



Crossword Puzzle Answer

Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on page 4-C of Cav-alquiz.

5. Maybe she spoiled the children a bit, but she got "a certain kick out of seeing them have the same fun we had."

My score _____

B. For You to Discuss

In what ways were Bert and Mary Lou thoughtless and inconsiderate as far as their parents were concerned? (Point out specific examples.) In what ways did the parents fail to understand Bert and Mary Lou? Might the grandmother have felt slighted by the whole family? If so, in what ways? Do you think that the Canbys spoiled their children? Explain your answer.

Do you think that the problem of each generation becoming too self-centeredly involved in its own problems is a general one? What can each generation do to help lessen this problem?

The Butcher (p. 31)

A. Underline the word or phrase in parentheses which best completes each of the following sentences. Count 5 points for each. Total: 35.

1. The "Harvard Andean Expedition" was conducted (as a search for scientific data, as an adventurous vacation).

2. Yerupaja was located in (Peru, Venezuela).

3. The ascent of Yerupaja was made by (Jim Maxwell and Dave Harrah, George Bell and Graham Matthews).

4. The expedition was drawn to mountain-climbing because of (the danger involved, the challenge to their skill).

5. On the peak of Yerupaja, the successful climbers felt (exalted, elated; strangely unexcited).

6. Dave and Jim heated the cave where they spent the night with (a Bunsen burner, a candle).

7. As a result of frostbite, Dave and Jim both lost (fingers, toes).

My score _____

(Perfect total score: 100) My total score _____

B. For You to Discuss

How does the author explain the urge that brought these climbers to attempt a treacherous mountain? What does he mean when he says that "the joy of mountaineering . . . lies not in the ends but in the means"? How does this comment explain the reaction of the climbers once they had completed the ascent of Yerupaja?

Do you think it is true that the pleasure of any sport—not only mountaineering—is in testing one's skill and knowledge against odds? What are the "odds" in hunting, skiing, sailing, for instance? Are similar "odds" offered by other fields, such as careers, school-work, personal development, etc.?

Do you think that Gen. Zaroff ("Most Dangerous Game," p. 8) enjoyed hunting for the same reason that these climbers enjoyed climbing? If not, why not?

Have Fun with Words

Chills Up Your Spine

You might find the words in this month's vocabulary group in a spy story or mystery yarn. For all these words have associations that are on the sinister side.

Once you've mastered these words, you should be able to react with just the proper shading of alarm when you meet them in the next suspense story you read.

I. Match the words in *Column I* with their correct definitions in *Column II* by placing the *letter* of the appropriate *Column II* definition opposite the number of the *Column I* word. Count five points for each correct answer. Total score: 50.

Column I

- 1. cadaverous (p. 37, col. 3)
- 2. conspiratorial (p. 4, col. 1)
- 3. contraband (p. 34, col. 3)
- 4. debacle (p. 12, col. 1)
- 5. furtive (p. 18, col. 2)
- 6. gargoyle (p. 10, col. 3)
- 7. grisly (p. 12, col. 1)
- 8. inscrutable (p. 35, col. 2)
- 9. nemesis (p. 36, col. 1)
- 10. spectral (p. 37, col. 3)

Column II

- a. sly, secretive
- b. mysterious, incapable of being understood
- c. horrifying, gruesome
- d. ghostly
- e. avenger, or an act of revenge
- f. plotting for evil purposes
- g. goods illegally imported or exported
- h. sudden, violent break or disruption
- i. waterspout grotesquely carved in image of a monster
- j. resembling a dead body

My score _____

(Note: Each of these ten words was taken from this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*. You'll find the words used in the places indicated in parentheses in the *Column I* list. To make doubly sure you understand the words, check the ways in which they are used in the issue.)

Put Words to Work

II. First, correct any mistakes you have made in Section I. Then insert in the blank spaces in each of the sentences below one word from *Column I* which best fits the meaning indicated in parentheses. These meanings are synonyms of words in Section I. Count 5 points for each sentence. Total: 50.

1. At the moment a _____ monster appeared in her dream, the girl woke up screaming. (*ghastly, horrible*)
2. After a life of crime, the evil old man finally met his _____. (*vengeance upon him*)
3. The vapors seemed suddenly to gather together and take on a _____ shape. (*spooky*)

Beware the Monster!

"I . . . guarded their camp . . . from head-hunters, wild boars, and other local chimeras," p. 32, col. 2.

Chimeras (kigh-MEE-ruhs). In Greek myth, the *Chimera* was a fire-spitting monster, with a lion's head, goat's body, a serpent's or dragon's tail, and a goat's head rising from the spine. The *Chimera* was an imaginary creature, of course, and our present use of the word stems from this fact. Nowadays we use *chimera* (uncapitalized) to mean any wild fancy-any foolish product of the imagination.



The Greek *Chimera* was slain by the mythical hero Bellerophon. Bellerophon was aided in his feat by Pegasus—the famous winged horse of Greek myth. (See Cavalquiz, December issue.) Blown up with pride because of his feats of valor, Bellerophon tried to ascend to the heavens on Pegasus' back. But he was thrown off his steed, and hurled back to earth.

Bellerophon's final fate was his punishment for *hubris* (see page 36, col. 1). *Hubris* is the sin of pride, the sin that man commits when he believes himself capable of violating the natural laws to attempt feats that human beings are not meant to achieve.

-
4. His long imprisonment had given the man a _____ appearance. (*corpse-like*)
 5. We immediately felt that there was something _____ and sinister in the butler's behavior. (*stealthy*)
 6. The name of the club was harmless enough, but its nature was _____. (*planning with bad ends in mind*)
 7. The murderer was a short, squat man with a face like a _____. (*ugly carved creature*)
 8. Wilkins had posed for years as an ordinary tourist, but was finally arrested for dealing in _____. (*smuggled goods*)
 9. The plot that was to have been such a brilliant success ended in a _____. (*unexpected total collapse*)
 10. The detective listened to the witnesses' accounts with an _____ expression on his face. (*incomprehensible*)

My score _____

Composition Capers

Round-Up Time

Have you ever read eagerly through a story—only to feel strangely “let-down” by the ending?

No writer can end a story so as to appeal to the taste of *every* reader. But all writers can avoid the errors like the following—which occasionally spoil the final effect of an otherwise interesting story:

1. No way out. Don't introduce a *deus ex machina*. *Deus ex machina* is a term that describes an artificial and unlikely solution to a story: for example, a rich uncle who suddenly appears at the end of a story to pull the characters out of their difficulties. The uncle has had no part in the story up to the ending; he appears to save a situation the author can't work himself out of in any other way.

2. No P. S., please. An example of a “P. S.” is the familiar ending, “and they lived happily ever after.” A story may end so as to suggest what the future holds in store for the characters, but it shouldn't jump from the immediate situation we've been reading about to inform the reader that John and Mary finally married, had four children, moved to California, and lived to a ripe old age.

3. Don't “trail off.” The ending of a story should be an ending. All we know about the events and characters should be pulled together to leave a definite, unified impression.

Some modern stories seem to “trail off.” But the best of these stories have built up by the end to a positive idea about life or people toward which everything has been pointed.

Here are some effective and legitimate endings:

1. Wrap up the plot. The simplest kind of ending offers a conclusion to the plot itself. This is what the author of “The Most Dangerous Game” (p. 8) does in his ending.

2. Underline the meaning. The author of “The Cub” (p. 3) ended her story by suggesting the meaning of the boy's experience. The ending of “The Cub” makes us aware of the sadness and regret that go along with growing up.

3. Puzzle us. The “puzzle ending” is a trick ending. The author may deliberately withhold the solution of the story-problem in order to let the reader's imagination play upon the various possibilities. This kind of ending can be merely irritating. It will succeed only if the author has suggested enough possibilities so that the reader is left with something concrete to “chew on.”

4. State the moral. A story-ending may point up a general truth, or moral. But no reader wants to be preached at, so the moral must be subtly drawn.

5. Surprise us. If you introduce a “surprise” or “twist” at the end of a story, you must be sure you have prepared for it beforehand. The reader should be able to look back and find evidence that the ending, though unexpected, is somehow logical, appropriate, amusing, ironic, etc. Otherwise the story will smack of the *deus ex machina*.

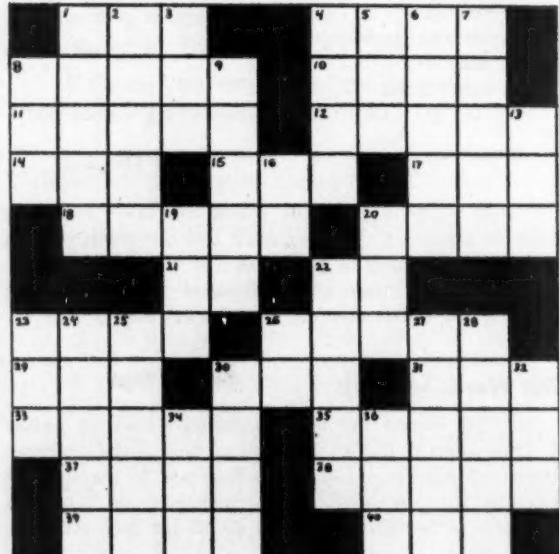
ACROSS

- * 1. A tissue company advises: “Don't _____ a cold in your pocket.”
- * 4. This evaporated milk comes “from contented _____.”
- 8. Beloved World War II correspondent, _____ Pyle.
- * 10. A trade name for hats. 11. Broader.
- 12. Permitted by law.
- 14. East Northeast (*abbrev.*).
- * 15. The paint manufacturers' association says: “Save the surface and you save _____.”
- 17. Metallic rock.
- * 18. “A name you can _____ in rubber.”
- 20. Prefix meaning “before” as in _____ room.
- 21. Southeast (*abbrev.*).
- 22. West Indies (*abbrev.*).
- 23. Wound thread in and out.
- * 26. A well-known paint “covers the _____.”
- 29. For: opposite of “con.”
- 30. Wagered.
- 31. Beam of light.
- 33. Quick-moving; nimble.
- 35. Black silk material used for mourning dress.
- 37. The highest cards.
- 38. Clasps or fastenings for lids.
- 39. Tidy; trim; clean.
- 40. Biblical form for “your.”

DOWN

- 1. A famous newspaper slogan: “All the news that's fit to _____.”
- 2. Beneath.
- 3. An even score.
- 4. Shout.
- 5. Poem of high moral purpose.
- 6. Four-wheeled vehicle.
- * 7. A department store advertises that “It's _____ to be thrifty.”
- 8. Female sheep.
- 9. Scrape or rub off.
- 13. Confederate general.
- 16. Lieutenant (*abbrev.*).
- * 19. One orange is “best for juice and every _____.”
- 20. You breathe this.
- * 22. An automobile slogan: “_____ the cars go by.”
- 23. Works Progress Administration (initials).
- 24. Musical instrument with sets of pipes.
- * 25. Your telephone operator has “the _____ with a smile.”
- 26. Electrical Engineer (*abbrev.*).
- 27. Rubbish.
- * 28. A tobacco company urges “be _____ go lucky.”
- * 30. A rubber tire is claimed to be the “_____ protection you can buy.”
- 32. Affirmative.
- 34. Meadow.
- 36. Large rodent.

It Pays to Advertise



- * There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are all related to advertising. See how many of these starred words (there are 13) you can get. Allow yourself 5 points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. If you get all the words you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 2-C, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?

While The Toast Burned

A Family Comedy by MARY CLARKE WERTS

CHARACTERS

HERBERT CANBY

RUTH CANBY, his wife

HERBERT, Jr., about seventeen

MARY LOU, nearly twenty

GRANDMOTHER CANBY

SCENE: The dining room in the Canby home.

TIME: Morning.

The scene is the Canby dining room. The table is set for five. A bowl of roses serves as a centerpiece; an electric toaster and a coffee service are on one side. At each unoccupied place is a

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glass of orange juice. Behind the table French doors open upon a garden, with wisteria blooming on a trellis. A door on the right leads to the hall; a door on the left leads to the kitchen.

The curtain rises on Mr. and Mrs. Canby finishing breakfast. He is gray at the temples and dressed in a business suit. His expression and hurried eating betray displeasure. Mrs. Canby, in fresh morning dress, sips her coffee and observes him uneasily.

MRS. CANBY: Did you say it was a front tire, Herbert?

MR. CANBY: Yes, flat as a pancake! And if he ran home on it that way, the inner tube's probably mincemeat.

MRS. CANBY: Oh, I don't believe he'd do that. More toast, dear?

MR. CANBY: No—thanks. And you doubtless believe he's out there now in

the garage fixing it instead of letting me play mechanic in my office clothes. I only hope if I have to do any hammering on the rim it won't wake him.

MRS. CANBY (soothingly): He's up. I heard him singing in the bathroom. He'll be down in time to change it for you.

MR. CANBY: When it comes to these youngsters, Ruth, you're the world's champion optimist. Strikes me they're putting it over on you pretty strong. Late to breakfast because they're out all night; late to dinner because they get away with being late to breakfast.

MRS. CANBY: Herbert! You know commencement week is different. Besides, there's always too much going on in a college town. At least, it seems that way to me. (Sighs.) We've left those days so far behind. (Brightening) Why,

Illustrated by Charles Beck



I get a certain kick out of seeing them have the same fun we had.

(Grandmother Canby hurries in from door at right. She is a pleasant-faced, slightly built woman with white hair.)

GRANDMOTHER: That clock of mine must be wrong. I'm late!

MR. CANBY: Good-morning, Mother! (He looks up at her sharply while she stops to pat his shoulder affectionately and returns Mrs. Canby's smile of greeting.) Don't apologize! It's not necessary in the Canby cafeteria.

GRANDMOTHER (sweetly): But I don't like to be late. (She takes her place at Mr. Canby's right, back to footlights, unfolds napkin, and begins to sip orange juice.)

MR. CANBY: You're a back number, Mother, with your ancient and honorable ideas about families assembling for breakfast. Behold the unoccupied seats of the mighty (makes sweeping gesture toward the two vacant places), the rising generation! And rising when it gets good and ready!

MRS. CANBY: Won't you have an egg this morning, Mother?

GRANDMOTHER: Not this morning—just one slice of toast, please. (Mrs. Canby puts slice in toaster.) They're almost ready, Son. I heard Mary Lou rushing around.

MR. CANBY: Well, I wish Herbert Canby, Junior, would rush down and change that tire he brought in flat last night. I fancy myself putting that boy's tactics over on my father. We all ate breakfast at seven o'clock in Father's house.

GRANDMOTHER (smiles): Your father was very lenient about many things—too easy, I often thought. You boys were a handful at times.

MR. CANBY: Well, Ruth remembers how often I had to invite her to walk to parties because I couldn't have the family Ford.

GRANDMOTHER: There were four boys and only one car. I'm sure you had your turn at it.

MR. CANBY (belligerently): And I got her back to her mother's house the same day I took her away—not the morning after. (He glares at his wife.) What time did Mary Lou get in?

MRS. CANBY: It was after midnight. I was awake. I've been telling Herbert, Mother, it's different these last weeks of school. I try to remember . . .

MR. CANBY: That reminds me! Did you remember to look for that old insurance policy, Ruth?

MRS. CANBY: Yes, I'm sure I have it in this box. (She goes quickly to the buffet, brings the box, and holds it on her lap while searching through papers.) I intended to hunt it up while

you finished your breakfast—then we got off on that tire business.

MR. CANBY (rises and pushes back his chair, leaving his napkin crumpled beside his plate): Could you have it ready when I come back? I'd like to take it to the office. Now to get at that blasted tire.

MRS. CANBY: I'll send Bertie right out as soon as he comes down.

MR. CANBY (goes up back): Never mind. If I start it, I'll finish it. Tell him to eat his breakfast. No use in letting him hold up meals indefinitely. He gets away with murder.

(Mr. Canby goes out.)

GRANDMOTHER (with an air of apology): Herbert's so irritable. I hate to see him like that. I know it's because he's worrying over money matters.

MR. CANBY: That's just it! I keep telling him I don't mind doing without a maid. Hasn't he had to cut the office help? (Discovers policy in box.) There! I was sure I had it.

GRANDMOTHER: Ruth! The toast!

MRS. CANBY (rescues toast): Mercy! It's a little brown! (She sees Grandmother testing heat of coffee pot with her hand and touches it herself.) The coffee's all right. Hot enough.

(Mrs. Canby pours a cup for grandmother, and then idly searches through contents of box in her lap.)

MRS. CANBY: Herbert's in a turmoil about the children—declares I spoil them outrageously—and yet he grows irritable over their having to economize and make sacrifices that are good for them. Since I let Huldah go, Mary Lou is really learning to cook.

GRANDMOTHER: Yes, she asked me yesterday to show her how I make that one-egg cake. It turned out very nice, too.

MRS. CANBY (she suddenly holds up a letter she has found): Mother! Listen to this! Talk about the mysterious ways of eternal justice! I've a few of Herbert's old letters in this box. Here's one written when—let me see—(hunts for date) we were seniors. Now, where was that? Oh, here! (Reads.) "I'm not sure Father will let me have the darned old Lizzie for tomorrow night. He's still sore about my losing that license plate and putting a few little dents in the fender." Can you beat that, Mother? (They are laughing when whistling is heard off right.) There's Bert now! (She quickly replaces letter in box, not noticing a small correspondence card that falls to the floor between her chair and the one for Mary Lou, and hurries to replace box on buffet with insurance policy laid on top. Then, assuming a severe expression, she turns toward door.)

(Bert swings in whistling, but ceases as he comes down to table. He is in sports shirt, collar open, sleeves rolled up, and duck trousers. With neatly brushed hair, he shows a pleasant morning face as he stands scanning table.)

BERT: Bacon and eggs in the oven, Mother?

GRANDMOTHER (interrupting gently): Good morning, Bertie.

BERT (with a sudden light of sweet surprise in his face): Oh, good morning, Grandmother!

MRS. CANBY (with stern expression): I'll prepare the bacon and eggs when Mary Lou is downstairs. I can't be serving breakfast *à la carte*, Bert. Your father's annoyed because you drove in on a flat tire last night. You don't deserve to have the car when you—

BERT (in righteous indignation): What'd ye mean—flat tire? I drove in on it? I did not. If there's a flat tire out there, it got discouraged and gave up after I left it. Boy! What this family would do 'thout me to blame things on! (Sits in his place at his father's left and grins across at his grandmother.) Sure you didn't go out and stick a pin in that tire, Grandmother?

. . . MRS. CANBY (she has come to stand at her own place, where she mechanically rearranges dishes): Your father is out there now struggling with the thing. He didn't discover it until he was dressed for the office. (With rising determination in tone and manner, she crosses quickly to door and calls off-stage.) Mary Lou!

MARY LOU (off-stage): Yes, Mother! Coming!

MRS. CANBY (back at table, picking up platter, calls with decision): I'm starting the bacon and eggs!

MARY LOU (off-stage): O. K. I'll be right there!

(Mrs. Canby hurries out with platter. Grandmother rises and goes to stand by Mr. Canby's vacant chair. She folds his napkin, then glances wistfully at the roses while Bert, having dispatched his orange juice, is eating bread and jam.)

GRANDMOTHER: I don't think your father noticed the roses. I cut them last night for the breakfast table. (She touches a pink rose caressingly.) That pink one was always his favorite. (Bert leans over to sniff the rose in absent manner. A whistle is blown, off.) There's the postman! (She moves to back toward the door, where she hesitates. Mary Lou comes in, studying and sorting the letters in her hands. She wears a dainty housedress.) Oh, you've got the mail?

MARY LOU (absently): Yes, Grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER: Nothing for me, I guess.

MARY LOU: No, Grandmother. Only Father and me. (She lays mail beside Mr. Canby's plate, retains three letters and, studying the addresses, goes to stand behind her chair.)

GRANDMOTHER (seeing Mary Lou absorbed with the mail, Bert with bread and jam): I believe I'll go out for a look at my Doctor Van Fleet rose. (She stands a moment with the garden scene for background.) The way that plant is blooming this year! (Goes out back.)

BERT (mouth full of bread and jam): No communication from my broker?

MARY LOU (not hearing, seats herself and concentrates on letters): Looks like an invitation! (Lays envelope between her plate and Bert's.) And this is from Peg Willet—bet a dime she's not coming. (Lays second envelope upon first and quickly rips open third, lays that envelope on others, and reads eagerly the single sheet it contains.)

BERT (curiously scrutinizing last envelope): Gosh! When does that goofy sleep? He brings you home after midnight and mails you letters before sunup!

MARY LOU (stuffing letter back in envelope): You roughneck! Don't you have any respect for privacy? And you can just stop any insinuations about my letters. They're strictly my own business.

BERT: Strictly business! That's a hot one! (Laughing) I suppose he dictates 'em to his secretary and begins, "Dear Madam." (Mary Lou registers silent scorn, puts a slice of bread in toaster, then sips her orange juice.) Orange juice is pretty thin!

MARY LOU: And you're pretty thick.

BERT (munching): Oh, yeah?

MARY LOU: And fresh!

BERT: But not soft! (Sings.) "Mary Lou, Mary Lou—cross my heart, I love you!" (He strikes a grand-opera attitude as he sings, gesticulating with a banana, crossing his hands over his heart.)

MARY LOU (crashing in on his last word): Shut up!

BERT (spies card on floor across the room): Lady, you dropped something. (Mary Lou, opening letters, ignores him.) I say you dropped something, lady!

MARY LOU (without looking up): What do you think you are—an April fool? Jump back where you belong. This is June!

(Bert crosses to pick up card, stands a little back of her, and peruses card with gleeful expression.)

BERT (reads dramatically): "Darling girl!"

MARY LOU (snapped to attention, looks straight ahead in frozen horror and commands icily): Give me that!

(Bert holds the card too high for her to reach. They are scuffling for it when Mr. Canby enters. His sleeves are rolled up, coat off, hair mussed. He views the scene with disgust and speaks sharply.)

MR. CANBY: Bert! Where's the key to that spare tire lock?

(Bert and Mary Lou are too engaged to hear him.)

MARY LOU (excitedly): Give me that! (She ruffles Bert's hair.)

BERT: I won't do it. I told you you dropped something and you called me an April fool!

MR. CANBY: Stop this nonsense! Where's that key, Bert?

MARY LOU (almost in tears, turns to her father): He's an insufferable roughneck!

BERT (mocking): And she's a darling girl!

MR. CANBY: You're fighting like two guttersnipes! What's the big idea?

BERT (briskly defensive): Well, it wasn't in any envelope—and she wouldn't pick it up—and then when I read what that old softy, Jim Downing wrote—"Darling girl, come live with me—" (He quotes in a mocking falsetto.)

MR. CANBY (breaks in indignantly): Stop! That's enough!

(Mrs. Canby enters from left. She carries a platter of bacon and eggs grasped with a cloth holder.)

MR. CANBY: For goodness sake! What's the matter?

(Mary Lou drops into a chair and weeps with head bowed on back of chair. Bert, a bit ashamed, holds the card toward her.)

BERT: Here! Take it! (Growing subdued) That key's up in my room, Dad. I'll get it for you. (He glances at the unresponsive Mary Lou, then at the card, which he drops on the table by his sister's plate. Mrs. Canby goes to set platter on table while Bert goes out.)

MR. CANBY (puzzled as she picks up card): Why! Where did this come from?

MR. CANBY (explosively): From Jim Downing, Ruth. That's a sample of your uninhibited, modern . . .

MARY LOU (in anguished protest): Mother!

MR. CANBY: Come to breakfast, Mary Lou. I don't see that you have anything to cry about. (She slips card into her pocket.)

(Bert hurries in and hands the key to his father.)

BERT: I'll go and help you, Dad. I never drove that tire flat. She was O.K. when I came in.

(Mr. Canby goes out, followed by Bert, whose last words are heard when he is off-stage.)

MRS. CANBY (sits at her place): Come, Mary Lou! I don't understand about this—Goodness! this toast is burned black! Now I'll have to throw it out.

MARY LOU (gets up and dabs at her eyes): No, I forgot it—I'll scrape it. (Comes down to her place and sits scraping toast.)

MRS. CANBY (takes card from pocket): Why did your father say this card came from Jim Downing?

MARY LOU (resentfully): Bert told him. Mother, he's a —

MRS. CANBY: Told him? How could he?

MARY LOU: Why, because he's a spoiled, rude, utterly incorrigible smart aleck!

MRS. CANBY: But—but, Mary Lou, this card never came from Jim. It's—it's mine! My card!

MARY LOU: Yours? Mother! What—what are you talking about? It began, "Darling girl—" (Seizes card and reads.) Why—why, this isn't Jim's writing! It looks like—like—

MRS. CANBY (smiling): Like your father's writing? It happens to be your father's writing. Twenty years old—oh, older than that—I forgot you're nearly twenty. I must have lost the card, dropped it from my safety box.

MARY LOU (takes her mother's hand with sudden understanding): Mother! Dad wrote that? And he—he glared at me as if I were guilty of some awful crime!

MRS. CANBY: Your father's worried over business. (Sighs.) And he's forgotten a lot of things.

MARY LOU (reproachfully): Forgotten he ever called you "Darling girl" and quoted "The Passionate Shepherd" to you in his letters! (With the light of a new confidence in her face) Mother!

MRS. CANBY: Yes, dear.

MARY LOU: I've been wanting to tell you—Jim wants us to be engaged. (Rushing ahead eagerly and half shyly) Of course, he hasn't a job yet, only his degree. I'm not at all sure. Mother. I want to go on with my music, but I do like—like to have him think of me as "darling girl." (With sudden fire) You see, Mother, that's what burned me up, when Bert read right out the very way Jim always begins—(A bell rings.) Telephone! I'll bet that's Jim now! (She jumps up and goes out quickly.)

(Mrs. Canby leans back wearily, then rests her elbows on the table and covers her face with her hand. She is there

alone for a meditative half-minute.
Then Mr. Canby enters.)

MR. CANBY: Still serving breakfast?

MRS. CANBY (*wearily*): Things are stone cold. Bert working on the car, Mary Lou at the telephone.

MR. CANBY: Ruth, I think you ought to take a hand in this business of Jim Downing and Mary Lou. He's acting like a simpleton, and she likes it. Bert had no business reading that ridiculous note, but it does look as if that lovesick swain was growing a bit—a bit fantastic. It may be modern, but—

MRS. CANBY: Oh, those lines are very, very ancient, dear. Marlowe's—Christopher Marlowe's—sixteenth century.

MR. CANBY: Huh? Lines? What lines?

MRS. CANBY: The lines on the card.

MR. CANBY: I don't understand. He addressed her as "Darling girl" and then he began—

MRS. CANBY (*interrupting*): Yes, that's old stuff, too.

MR. CANBY: What's come over you, Ruth? Are you blind to what's going on right under your nose?

MRS. CANBY: No, I'm not blind. I can still read. Can you? (*She hands him the card which he takes with a puzzled air.*)

MR. CANBY: What—what—(*as he reads*) where—where did that come from? What are those imps doing with this card? Why, Ruth, that's my writing! I wrote that!

MRS. CANBY (*laughs softly*): Yes, you did. Over twenty years ago. It was the time you were begging me to get married on fifteen dollars a week.

MR. CANBY (*ruffled*): Well, I don't call it very decent of you to be laughing about it. That—(*Gestures with card*) that was real with me—sacred! I—I copied it out of a book. (*For the first time, he finds his sense of humor and smiles.*)

MRS. CANBY (*laughing*): It's funny though, terribly funny!

MR. CANBY (*not so amused now*): Maybe so. But what I want to know is, where did they get it?

MRS. CANBY: I was digging in the strong box for that insurance policy. The card must have fallen out. I've kept a few old things like that. Bert must have thought Mary Lou dropped it.

MR. CANBY: Still I don't see. Why did Mary Lou think it was hers?

MRS. CANBY: Well, you see, dear, there are still men in the world who—well, say, men like Jim Downing—who insist upon thinking of some special woman as "darling girl."

MR. CANBY (*studies card sheepishly*): It's not such a bad verse when you read it through. (*He sits in Mary Lou's chair and reaches impulsively for Mrs. Canby's hand, then draws back.*) My hands aren't very clean.

MRS. CANBY (*takes his hand fondly*): That doesn't matter.

MR. CANBY (*studies her tenderly*): Ruth, how you do understand those children!

MRS. CANBY: Perhaps because many years ago I knew a boy and girl so much like them.

MR. CANBY (*picks up card from table and reads aloud*):

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hill and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields."

Sounds like a motoring trip! What say we grab off a few days next week, just you and I?

MRS. CANBY (*with playful formality*): Oh, delighted!

MR. CANBY: Fine. (*He pats her hand with boyish embarrassment and rises quickly as if to go, stops impulsively, takes her hand and bends over to press a long kiss upon it.*)

(*Mary Lou has entered while Mr. Canby is reading. She is backing out slowly lest they see her when Bert comes in. He stands astonished at the tableau.*)

BERT: WELL! Blow me down!

(*Mr. Canby, startled, turns and sees his son, then looks about, as if for a missile, snatches the burnt toast from Mary Lou's plate, then sees his daughter grinning across at her brother. Mr. Canby looks from one to the other and finally hurls the toast at Bert, who dodges behind the screen as the curtain falls quickly.*)

The One Who Said Tjik

A fable from Indonesia • by Harold Courlander

A DEER was walking quietly through the forest one day, when almost at the same moment a small lizard said "Tjik!" and a large owl said "Roo!"

The deer was startled by the hooting of the owl, and he bounded into the tall grass, frightening a pheasant. The pheasant, in the excitement, flew into a hornets' nest. The hornets, aroused by the commotion, swarmed out of their hive and attacked a passing wild pig.

The pig ran into the brush and stepped upon the tail of a mongoose. The mongoose, thinking he was attacked, climbed into a tree at the edge of the clearing, and in doing so he dislodged a mango, which fell upon the head of a farmer who was sleeping below.

The farmer accused the mongoose of throwing the mango on his head, but the mongoose said:

"It wasn't my fault! The pig stepped on my tail and frightened me so that I didn't know where I was going."

So the farmer then accused the pig of injuring his head, but the pig said:

"It wasn't my fault. The hornets stung me, and I ran upon the mongoose by accident."

"Then," the farmer said, "it is the hornets who are guilty."

"No," the hornets said, "the pheasant flew into our nest and we thought we were attacked."

"In that case it is the pheasant who is responsible," the farmer said.

"It was an accident," the pheasant said. "The deer sprang upon me."

"Well then, it is the deer who must be punished," the man said.

"Oh, no, I was startled by the owl," the deer said. "I was walking quietly through the forest, and he said 'Roo!'"

"Then it is clear that the owl has done this thing to me," the farmer said. "It is on the owl I must avenge myself."

But the owl spoke and said:

"Why am I guilty? I simply made the noise that I always make. But the lizard said 'Tjik!' as the deer passed through the forest."

"It is the lizard who has caused the farmer's injury!" all of the animals shouted, and together with the farmer they attacked the lizard and killed him.

Reprinted from *Kantchil's Lime Pit*, by Harold Courlander, published by Harcourt Brace. Copyright, 1950, by Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Cavalcade Firsts / 1953

BY YOUNG WRITERS

A Scholastic Writing Awards Presentation

Mountain Magic

Rebecca Deal—like the other young writers whose work appears in this issue—is in the running for the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards. Perhaps Rebecca and the other students whose stories and poems you're about to read will be among the Writing Awards winners whose names will be announced in the May issue of Literary Cavalcade. Whether or not the CAVALCADE FIRSTS selections for this month turn out to be among the "top" entries in the 1953 Writing Awards, however, we think you'll enjoy them.

Our guess is that you'll like the following short short story by Rebecca Deal because you, too, are young—and know what it is to be plunged suddenly into the dream world of a new and tender emotion. . . .

MARCH twenty-seventh. That was almost nine months ago. There was a full moon last night. There was a full moon then.

Our church was having a retreat* at High Acres that weekend. After supper Friday night, Miss Clark explained the evening plans. There would be a hike towards High Top, then roller skating. At 11:00, time for walking; devotions at the Inn at 11:30. The crowd started out eagerly—couples here and there, a group of girls whispering and giggling. I was with the girls as we walked up the road.

Mary called me back. "This is Dave White."

I guess you would call it a blind date. Touring through the chapel, past this building and that, Dave and I talked easily.

Then we ran hand in hand up the road, followed by laughing groups. We stopped and panted in the cool, brisk air. On the way down, the talk came more quickly. I had taken music from

By **Rebecca Deal**

Central H. S.
Charlotte, N. C.
Teacher, Helen MacManus

his aunt in the fifth grade; he didn't remember. I remembered when he was an eighth grade officer, and I was in the seventh. "How about a date to go walking at eleven?" He bet the moon would come up over that mountain. No, I bet it would come up behind this one.

We skated. He hadn't skated in years; I must teach him how. Others were whirling, racing, pushing; we crawled along. "Hold tight! I'll keep you up." More than once we landed in a laughing tangle on the floor.

11:05. The moon did come up over that mountain. I lost the bet.

The sharp fingers of the March wind slipped through my jeans and pinched playfully. We talked of many things. He was reading *Les Miserables* in English. We ran and laughed; we sat and talked. Sitting on the steps of a deserted summer cottage, we looked over the village. The flat, black roofs stretched silent and cold in the white moonlight. The world was empty.

Saturday afternoon we hiked to Craggy Peak. No broad, slow-climbing path for us! Like mountain goats we climbed straight up, grabbing at saplings and swinging upward. Roots made good tow ropes. Steeper and steeper it grew. We scrambled up and over one bulge of mountain on a path for rabbits and squirrels only. At last, on reaching the top, we could look down over the depths from which we had climbed. The afternoon sun cast shadows on the dark green of the encircling mountains. In the distance the greens turned to purples and blues and grays.

"Let's go back the way we came!" Down we went.

Who likes to go by a path? Briars tore at our jeans and branches lashed our faces, but on we plunged.



Rebecca Deal's interest in writing has been stimulated this year by a course in creative writing which she is taking at Central H. S., in Charlotte, N. C. At Central High, Rebecca also works on the school annual, *Snips and Cuts*, and is a member of the Bible Club, National Honor Society, Dramatics Club, and the Girls' Good Sports Club.

She takes an active part in the young people's program at her church, and plans to go into some field of full-time Christian service—possibly as a missionary nurse.

"Whoops! That limb was rotten!"

Down and down we tumbled into weak bundles of laughter, caught up by the intervening trees. Weakness, high altitude, and pure happiness turned us into laughing acrobats.

At the bottom was a pipe, thrusting its rusty mouth from the rocks. Flat on our stomachs we stretched across a mossy log and lapped up the water like two thirsty pups. Reaching the road, we swung along hand in hand. An old man, out raking his leaves, stopped and smiled reminiscently. He seemed to understand how beautiful life was.

"Oh-h-h-h! Do your legs hurt as badly as mine?"

So we sat and watched the roller skaters. We were tired; the conversation lagged. I tried skating with the girls for a while. It wasn't much fun while he sat, though; so I sat again. The magic of the afternoon had flown with our energy. Then he played the piano in the lobby 'til the curious stares from behind the newspapers of the old gave us a feeling of a merry-go-round in an old folks home. Why care about aching feet! Skate again we would. When we collapsed laughingly on the bench, the tension had left completely.

As we strolled along the silver-streaked asphalt, the magic enveloped us again. We stood on the dam at Lake Sevier and watched the water splashing on the rocks below. The moonbeams

*retreat. A group gathering for the purpose of fellowship, in which time is usually set aside for meditation, instruction, and recreation.

caught up the scattering spray and turned it to droplets of stardust. The black asphalt wound its way through shining stone walls, past rhododendron bushes dark and lonely without their pink splotches of summertime. We wound with it. The fuzzy-edged moon seemed to wrap us in a warm cloak of magic as we moved toward the Inn, in time for devotionals at 11:30.

Devotionals were over and all heads were bowed in prayer. His hand slipped over mine.

Language in Action

(Written after studying Hayakawa's Language in Action)

By Betsy Du Bois

Evanston (Ill.) Township H. S.

Teacher, Mary Taft

In his book Language in Action, Mr. Hayakawa makes the point that every word in our language is subject to infinite variations of meaning and suggestion. When a dairyman says cow, he means one thing; when a butcher says cow, he means something else.

Betsy Du Bois confesses that she was confused—as well as impressed—by Mr. Hayakawa's reasoning. Her confusion resulted in the delightful "take-off" which follows.

Semantics can easily show
Just how one
Can prove that a certain Cow-2 is
Not Cow-1.

The use of some ladders one calls
Abstraction
Will bring out the listener's stock
Reaction.

But Calf is not quite Calf-3
Or Calf-4
So two moos differ; cry moo is not
The laugh moo.

But how does one know which is
which?
(Directive?)
Is one's understanding of cows
Defective?

Are moos presymbolic, perhaps?
Confusing;
Is cow-talk informative or
Amusing?

A moo wasn't ever explained
Or was it—
Which rules out semantics for cows,
Or does it?



Oil painting by Clarence Meek, Decatur (Ill.) H.S., placed in '52 Art Awards.

Cave of Fantasy

"This is a story that only boys will like," said one of our editors after he'd read Nigel Hey's "Cave of Fantasy."

"It's too scary for girls."

We agree that this story sends a shiver up your spine, but we don't agree that boys are alone in enjoying a blood-chilling yarn. We might advise, however, that you don't read Nigel's story just before going to bed—unless you want your dreams to be haunted by strange and sinister creatures who people a mysterious cave. . . .

MY NAME is Jim Graham—Professor Jim Graham. I am waiting in a large metropolitan hospital—waiting for an operation on my spinal cord. Due to an experience which took place nearly a week ago, I am left almost completely paralyzed. I cannot move my limbs; I cannot speak. I can merely listen and think, think of the terrible cave of fantasy.

It will be a week ago tomorrow when around that deserted spot in the northern Allegheny mountains, Burt Collier and I were searching for traces of a rumored deposit of uranium ore.

A little more than a year ago I had been put under contract as geologist for Associated Uranium and was later assigned to this district in some of America's roughest hill country.

Our search had led us off the road and a considerable distance into the forest. We were examining the remains of an old stone wall, which was set alluringly in a grove of slender aspens, through whose leaves the sun cast a mosaic of patterns upon the rich reddish soil. While chipping the rocks idly here and there I remarked to my com-

By Nigel Hey

Pleasant Grove (Utah) H. S.

Teacher, Guy Hillman

panion, "Y'know Burt, this wall could be the place where that old couple found their uranium ore."

"Uranium ore, nothing," was the half-peev'd retort, "just because a couple of looney old hill folk wander into the assayer's office and say they found uranium."

I laughed, and Burt joined in. It was his nature to be sarcastic and hot-tempered in a humorous way, but he always meant well.

"Hold on there a minute, Burt," I kidded, "that uranium's pretty valuable stuff, you know, and . . ." I broke off . . . "Hey, take a look here. What does this look like to you?"

Scowling, Burt walked over and peered at the stone wall. The broken rock revealed a streak of significant color.

"Well I'll be—uranium ore, or my name's Robinson Crusoe. Do you think it's the real stuff?" He stared incredulously. "Why, with a deposit as rich as that, you'll be made for life."

I looked up and grinned. "If we find where this rock came from originally, you mean. Don't forget this is a stone wall—heavens, man, what are you looking so down-hearted about? It isn't often I win out in an argument!"

We both laughed and resumed our search.

After looking for about an hour, we found ourselves at the mouth of a huge cave cut into the base of a sheer cliff. Burt was all for moving on; but still full of enthusiasm, I thought otherwise.

I started to break rock at the cave entrance when a sudden whir of wings stopped me.

"What's that?"

I turned for an answer. Burt seemed to be staring open-mouthed at a fleeting shadow silhouetted against the sky.

I repeated my question.

"It was a bat," he answered dazedly. "A bat bigger than I have ever seen before—even in a museum, Jim," he said, gazing almost feverishly into my eyes, "Jim, we've got to explore that cave. It'll make history, Jim. We may even find your darned uranium in there."

Catching me by the sleeve, he tried to pull me with him into the cave.

"Let go of me," I yelled. "Are you sure they're not vampires?" I added with a touch of satire.

"Jim, if it means losing my life I'm going into that cave. Where's your flashlight?"

"Here, reach into my knapsack," I said resignedly.

We watched the light beams reflect as they struck the wet dripping walls of the cave. They were very regular walls and seemed built with close precision, almost as if built by some creature.

Quite abruptly and very unexpectedly, the passage stopped. We had reached a dead end.

"Say, Jim, looks like there's been a cave-in of some sort around here. No sign of bat roosts, though. I can't understand it. But look, shine your light here for a moment."

I shone my flash on a hole at the base of the cavern. One look at my friend was enough to tell me he had the same thought as I—the hole led to a continuation of the passage.

I fumbled hurriedly in my knapsack. The small spade was really inadequate but I set to work shoveling the rocky soil with a will. Burt was even using his fingers in his enthusiasm.

"Here, musclebound," summoned Burt, "help me with this boulder."

Together we struggled and strained until eventually it rolled away in the direction we had come from. It left a hole some two feet in diameter. The damp soil around luckily kept its position as I flashed my lamp through. A passage identical to the one behind lay waiting to be explored. Burt was through in a moment, and as I took my turn there came a startled shout.

"Jim—the ceiling—come quickly!"

I stood up and gazed unbelievingly at the hundreds of bats that clustered upside down on the ceiling.

"Yeah, bats," said Burt, awakening from his stupor and answering my assumption. "C'mon, I've got to tell



Sculpture by Tony Dolux,
Hanford (Calif.) Union H.S.,
won a national award in
'52 Scholastic Art Awards.

someone about this. Let's get out of here quick!" He was already creeping through the opening.

"Just a minute pal, hold on." I objected indignantly. "I've come as far as this with you; how about going a bit further with me?"

A little persuasion and Burt followed me as we walked on and on, into the center of the mountain. The tunnel gradually narrowed, tapering like a huge carrot. Crawling on our hands and knees we reached another dead end.

"Well, what are we going to do now?" Burt charged, "dig to the other side of this mountain?"

As my patience too was dwindling, I answered with a curt laugh. "I doubt if that will be necessary. Be quiet and see if you can hear what I can hear."

Skeptical, Burt listened, pursing his forehead into a thousand wrinkles. "Jim, your imagination's getting—say, I do hear something. It sounds mechanical, like a printing press."

Yes, there *was* a sound, a rhythmic, metronomic sound, almost hypnotic. I started to dig once more, but Burt hung back; he seemed to be afraid of something. Then he said, uncertainly, "Jim, there's something I don't like in here. Something's eerie about this cave."

"You ought to be sensible about this," I said tensely, "instead of a little kid afraid of the dark. Can't you tell the air in here is thinning?"

Burt turned to face me. The perspiration was running down his temples and his hair fell wildly about his forehead. He looked me straight in the eye, breathing heavily.

"You're right. We'll have to dig—and fast—if we want to get out of here alive."

Caralcade Firsts 1953

The hard soil was difficult to move. We had judged the sounds came from a few feet beyond the clay wall. It was so near, yet so far. The air now seemed almost free of oxygen.

"Jim, I can't go on. My arms feel like lead."

Half angrily I answered: "Don't be a fool. Can't you hear the sound? We're almost through now. Dig, just a moment longer. . . . There, light at last," I cried with a wonderful feeling of relief. "Breathe, man, feel that air!"

Lying there, we gazed in wonderment at the beautiful pinky light filtering through the stalactites—the thousands of stalactites which hung magnificently as they must have hung for countless centuries, hidden from the eyes of man.

Burt followed me out to a narrow ledge, about three feet wide, which could easily serve as a pathway. We found ourselves looking into a giant cave domed as I imagined a huge cathedral might be. The great arched ceiling spread out below us for several hundred feet, but still hid the source of the mysterious sound. The ledge seemed to be some kind of spiral strata, winding down to the ground. It couldn't very well be man-made, as I pointed out to Burt. But there was a remote possibility . . .

I led the way down the spiralling pathway—seeming to travel the inside of the cavern as a fly would circle the perimeter of a wine-cask. The sounds we had heard earlier were now becoming louder.

"This cave," announced Burt, who seemed considerably calmer since his experience in the passage, "isn't really different from other caves I've seen, only it's so much bigger. What gets me is that weird sound. Could it be machinery operated by a lost race, like the lost continent of Atlantis, or something? What do you think?"

"I don't know about any lost continent, but it will surely be something to find anything alive in the middle of a mountain," I returned quickly. "When we started exploring this cave, it was for you, a naturalist, to find a new species of bat. Now it is for me, a geologist, to find the largest cave in the world. We'll soon be at the bottom, Burt, and the sooner we reach it, the sooner we'll find the answer."

We half-walked, half-ran, down the rough path until the ground levelled. I breathed a sigh of relief. "See those

cave entrances that dot the cliff face? I have a feeling that's where we'll find the source of our mysterious sound."

We walked slowly and cautiously into the nearest cave; then I clutched my friend's arm. There, lying before us, was the unmistakable form of a giant ant! As the two of us stared, glassy-eyed, at its great form, and its quivering antennae, I felt a strange feeling of horror creep slowly down my spine. A cold feeling of fear gripped me. I wanted to run. I wanted to reach a safe place, but something—something was holding me in a grip that resisted the impulse to run. Silently I walked forward. I did not walk in a trance, but rather at the bidding of some strange power hidden deep within myself. Incredibly, this forbidding creature was four feet in length.

While in this strange stupor I glanced around and saw that Burt was following. We had not spoken, yet he seemed to obey the same command as I. I wanted to speak to him, have the comfort of hearing his voice, but my throat had suddenly gone dry. We walked in silence along that dark passageway into a large chamber. In the center of the floor lay three more of the giant ants. Suddenly regaining the power of his voice, Burt cried hoarsely, "Let's get out of here. I know these ants. I've studied them at the University. If they see us, all the ants will know simultaneously, by telepathy." Then, with a startled shout, he cried, "Look, they've seen us!"

Sure enough, the pear-shaped head turned slowly around, the monstrous eyes glinted in a myriad of stars, and the graceful antennae vibrated in a blur. Like a shot I turned and ran with my friend to the chamber entrance. The three ants raised themselves, and with no apparent excitement, gave chase. Scurrying around corners, our legs never seemed to move fast enough, but seemed to move at an alarmingly rhythmic nightmare speed. All was a blur of confusion until I heard Burt's breathless cry.

"Just around this corner, Jim, and we'll be on our way out. We'll have to hurry, Jim, or we'll never make it!"

The scuttle and scraping had now turned to a deafening, menacing roar, as hundreds of ants seemed to pour from every hole in the cave.

"The leader," I gasped. "He must be twice as big as the others. Hurry, or we'll be eaten alive!"

We had reached the spiral strata when I turned again to Burt.

"Look at those ants," I repeated, "every minute they're getting closer. We can't let them follow us up to the



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hole. Try to think what would happen if they found their way into the outside world!"

Burt had no breath for conversation, but somehow we scrambled our way up and up, sometimes clinging to the slippery rocks, but inching ahead.

"See that ledge above?" panted Burt. "There are boulders close by—if we can move them—" We put forth all our efforts and energy to scrambling to a ridge of strata just above the seething ants.

"Well, looks like we've found a suitable place," I announced jubilantly. "Here, take my shovel. We'll try prying this rock out of the wall. Just a good push and she'll be over. Lend a hand."

Together we strained for good leverage. At last the big boulder moved, and fell, smashing the strata below and barring any chance of the ants' progress. We thought our troubles over, but a moment later Burt cried:

"Look, we didn't quite do it. The leader, the big one, is still coming!"

Sure enough, the big fellow was steadily climbing toward us.

"We can't let him out of this cave," I cried, "We'll have to make a stand for it here. The most we can do is try beating him off with rocks. Maybe we can use the spade." I paused to get my breath. "This is where either we go, or he goes tumbling into that sea of ants below."

"He's getting pretty close now, Jim," said Burt apprehensively. "Should I try heaving a rock at him?"

"No, wait, then we'll both start at once. Be ready when I shout, though."

The ant came slowly forward, like a mechanical thing. I let the monster come as near as I dared, then I yelled, "Okay, let 'im have it!"

In spite of our combined efforts, the rocks we found seemed to bounce like sponge rubber from the hard shiny armor of the slowly advancing insect. Then, in an instant, he leapt upon us. Seeming to lose my wits altogether, I screamed, "Burt, Burt, use the shovel!

"Use the shovel!" But it was as though he did not hear me. I struggled to loosen myself, but the ant's hairy talon was hooked in a paralyzing fashion around the back of my neck, as likewise it held Burt by the arm. The ants below watched in silence. The whole cave seemed hushed as all eyes turned toward the slow-motion battle. By some miracle of fate I managed to break free, but as I fell, a searing pain zipped down the center of my back. I watched, terrified, the unequal fight between man and monster, trying to regain my feet; but as I stood, a numbing sensation grew within just as I saw the edge of the strata crumbling away . . .

Burt fell with a terrible cry, as he and the ant monster plummeted to the cave floor, to lie side by side in the stillness of death. It was over . . . the crowd of ants swallowed them up. For a few minutes I lay there in a daze. As if in a dream, I remembered the frolics we had had at college together, the good-natured puns and ribs, our understanding of each other. I moaned and raised myself with an effort.

Bidding a silent farewell to my friend, I started to crawl back through the maze of passages. Like a flood the numbness set in; first it was my feet, then my knees, and so slowly upward until it reached my arms. And as it reached my arms I remember dragging myself into the fresh sunny air of the outside world.

I breathed a silent prayer of thankfulness. I had discovered a great geological wonder and had lived to tell it—or would I?

Suddenly the birds' song turned into the vibrations of a giant gong; my sight blurred, and I fell into a shroud of swirling blackness. Only once did I regain consciousness—I opened my eyes to see a group of people coming over the rise of the hill—then I sank back into that same envelope of blackness.

But now, as I lie paralyzed on this stretcher, and reflect upon my experiences, I think it better that I not reveal my secret. I know, of course, that my story would not be believed true by many, but there could be one believer who might enter that fantastic realm—one who might perish, yet pave the way for what?

In my mind's eye I can imagine it! A world carried on by a race of giant ants, using their strange telepathic powers to drive obedience into the minds of men. That would be quite a world, wouldn't it? No, no one shall ever know of the possibility. I shall never tell.

By John Sack

THE BUTCHER

*Book Excerpt: Six college
boys pit their courage
against a brute mountain...*



Climbing the mountain to set up an advance camp for the attack on the peak.

THE biological laboratory of Harvard University is perhaps like no other building on earth. Two live-size bronze rhinoceroses guard the doorway. A twisted boa constrictor darts its tongue at a giant tortoise. A gorilla hangs from a tree. Zebras rear up, ostriches inspect their right kneecaps, hipopotami glare moodily.

Here are animals found only in the jungles of Africa, or only in the sweltering tropics of India, or, I often fear, only on the walls of the Harvard Biology Labs. And it is quite logical that here, during the winter and spring of 1950, a Harvard Andean Expedition should have plotted a trek into the backlands of Peru.

But "Harvard Andean Expedition" is a deceptive title. It artfully evades the fact that the expedition was, after all, just six college boys who wanted to climb a mountain.

The expedition was their summer vacation; their goal was the top of Yerupaja, four miles above Peru.

Even in that animalized biology building, the idea was somewhat breathtaking. Yerupaja was the highest mountain in the New World that no one had ever climbed. Many thought it never would be, never could be. Frank Smythe, the famous Alpinist, is supposed to have said, "First climb Kanchenjunga, then Yerupaja"—a rather dispiriting comparison with the third highest mountain in the world, slayer of

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A native Peruvian boy and his llama watch the mountaineers en route to Mt. Yerupaja.

eight men. Another called it the Peruvian Matterhorn.

We often wondered what "Yerupaja" meant. I spent some scholarly hours with a Quechua [Indian] dictionary, and came to the conclusion that it stood for Top of the World or for Needle of Rock. The Spanish name for Yerupaja is more appealing to the melodramatic mind. It is "El Carnicero"—The Butcher. The name may refer to the mountain's shape—like a butcher's cleaver, edge up—but it took on a second, more terrible meaning before the summer was over.

The great Peruvian explorer, Raimondi, had visited the Yerupaja range in 1874; he described it as "giant mountains, covered with external snow, appearing to join heaven and earth." Yerupaja, at 21,796 feet, was head and shoulders the highest peak in the range. It wasn't mapped until 1936, by one Erwin Schneider and a redoubtable party of Austrians. Schneider failed twice to climb Yerupaja. And there were other expeditions—Americans and Europeans who gawked at the mountain from a safe distance, scrambled around its foothills, and launched attacks on the summit—but none of them did any better. For the face of The Butcher was steeper than a ski jump, and its ridges had been stropped by the wind to razor-blade sharpness.

It was an immoderate attempt, then, this Harvard Andean Expedition. But the expedition was young, and not easily awed; and it knew it had the experience. Graham Mathews, for example, had climbed in Persia while he was in the Army; and almost everyone had spent summers in the Rockies and British Columbia. Their outlandish idea—to fly to Lima, to push by truck, mule, and foot through 150 miles of Indian

villages, and then to climb The Butcher—had been brewing in their heads since 1948. And a mountain, once a mountaineer has thought of it, soon becomes an obsession—an obsession and a vision.

I went to Peru with them, for reasons that have never been adequately understood. The expedition hoped to pay part of its way with newspaper stories, and I was hired to write them. I also drove their truck for a few hours, talked to them by radio, and guarded their camp at the foot of the mountain from head-hunters, wild boars, and other local chimeras. I had a lot of time to learn about Peru, about mountains, and about mountaineers, and to join an expedition that started as great fun and ended as great adventure.

Bid for the Summit

[According to plan, the expedition pushed by truck and mule to the foot of Mt. Yerupaja, transporting tents, climbing gear, and food. There they set up Base Camp. Then, day by day they worked up the mountainside, reconnoitering sites for other camps, and exploring for a possible route to the top.]

By the end of a month they had established Camp II, Boulder Pocket, at 14,700 ft.; Camp III, Glacier Meadow, at 16,100 ft.; Camp IV, Camp Col, at 18,800 ft.; and had finally perched a canvas tent on a block of ice high on the face of Yerupaja itself, Camp High, 400 feet from the summit ridge which would lead to the top.]

The weather was growing increasingly unsettled. Some members of the expedition were laid up from the effects of the altitude, exposure, or exhaustion.

*John Sack was a Harvard student at the time. He accompanied his six friends but did not climb. In telling the story he sometimes speaks of "we" to mean "the expedition" even when he wasn't present.

Food and time were both running short.

On July 28 Dave Harrah and George Bell, the two members in condition to climb at the time, set off on an attempt to reach the top, but were turned back even before leaving Camp High, George with his third attack of fever. Back at Camp IV, Jim Maxwell took over George's rope and joined Dave for a final try. "If Dave and Jim didn't make it—with time and food running out—there wouldn't be another chance . . ."

Dave and Jim slept at Camp High that night. The next morning from Glacier Meadow down below, George watched through binoculars as the two started on the climb for the peak . . .

Alone at Glacier Meadow, George Bell would often scan Yerupaja through field glasses. It was another "unsettled" morning, this July 31. Yerupaja, still in its own shadow, looked cold and dismal; winds lashed over the crest and avalanched down the face, buffeting George's tent and exploring noisily the crags and spurs of Rassac Ridge. But George's eyes were fixed on Yerupaja. There, almost a vertical mile above him, Dave and Jim were moving upward toward the summit ridge and toward the clouds. The third and last bid for the summit was under way.

George watched them climb for more than an hour. Soon they were below the skyline ridge, hacking their way up one last ice cliff. Then the winds stirred up again and a hulking gray cloud mass rose broodingly over Yerupaja. For a minute it writhed above Dave and Jim, pawing the air with wispy tentacles, and then it settled on the mountain and swallowed them up. Where two men had been, George now saw swirling mists or the fleeting ghost of an ice-fluted slope.

The cloud was still there the next day—August 1. They hovered on the mountain above High Camp, as if that tent were civilization's last outpost on the border of a weird and nebulous otherworld. Sometimes you could see High Camp clearly; sometimes the clouds lapped up to it, and it was lost in gray eddies. George kept his binoculars on the tent whenever he could, looking for signs of Dave and Jim. He saw nothing. And then it was night once more.

By now, as if we were following the cues of a play, the rest of the expedition had converged on Glacier Meadow—Austin, Chuck, and Graham, as well as George. We were no longer a behind-the-lines supply corps, but seriously and unexpectedly a rescue party. On the morning of August 2 we climbed slowly onto the glacier. We would keep going up-mountain until we found what had happened.

George peered up at High Camp as

he walked. It was now two days since Dave and Jim had left it, but there was still no activity there. We hallooed and shouted at the face. The wind brought no answer but its own mutterings and echoes off the walls of Rassac and Yerupaja. There were new avalanche tracks across the route to High Camp. Perhaps one of these torrents had trapped them, silently, quickly. We looked at the avalanche debris on the glacier, scrutinizing each black speck, but saw nothing.

We shouted again and again. By now we were far up the glacier and heard—or thought we heard—a muffled reply. Whether it was a wind-torn voice or only the tauntings of the wind itself, it didn't sound like a mountain distress signal—a call repeated thrice.

We hurried farther and yelled again. We were directly under High Camp; the wind had died down and even the gray clouds on Yerupaja seemed to have stopped their involutions, waiting to catch the reply. We shouted; we listened. This time, from far above, we could hear it clearly. It was the voice of a single man, pain-wracked and almost sobbing, and the words were:

"Help! Help! Help!"

Mountain Drama

Real-life drama, when it happens, happens when you don't expect it. One minute you are fumbling on the beach with the dials of a portable radio; seconds later—before you can realize it—a man has been saved from drowning.

So it was with us. We never expected any drama, any cliff-hanging adventure. Our expedition had been just what we wanted it to be: a vacation, usually pleasurable and often quite ridiculous, with a four-mile challenge to keep us busy. We were climbing for fun, not for derring-do.

We knew, of course, that terror, death, and hair-breadth escapes had struck other expeditions; and we had read of these adventures with the requisite dismay. But these were stories of supermen, not real people. They were stories of men who crawled for days on frostbitten hands, who lost all their food and tents in overnight blizzards, who were buried alive in avalanches and clawed their way out. They bore little semblance to what we had experienced in the mountains or expected on Yerupaja.

For we were not supermen. We were college students. We had stubbed our toes in the mountains and fallen once or twice, but we had never performed feats adaptable to *True Comics* magazine. A few weeks before we had taken final exams in Cambridge. A few days before, we had merrily foisted Instant Potatoes on some Indians. The two men on our attack party were not professional cliff-hangers. Dave Harrah was

a Stanford junior who liked philosophy. Jim Maxwell was a bespectacled Harvard senior who spent most of his life in the Mineralogy Labs.

Unexpectedly, they had lived one of the most terrible and courageous stories ever to come from the mountains.

The story begins on July 31—the day George Bell watched Dave and Jim leave High Camp and disappear into the clouds. At eight o'clock that morning, the two men were still in bed—not asleep, of course, but neither had left his sleeping bag. When one's universe ends in canvas three feet from one's bed, there is no reason to get up—particularly if the temperature is 10 degrees. Dave and Jim remained horizontal, releasing a hand or an occasional shoulder to perform the morning chores.

Conversation was about the climb and nothing else. Dave and Jim agreed once again that the weather was, assuredly, unsettled. Gray clouds were taking their exercises far above; but at least they weren't stormy, and Dave and Jim decided to chance it.

Starting late, they could climb in sunlight and return—they hoped—just after nightfall. It was inadvisable to be trapped by night above High Camp, for the two men were traveling light: no sleeping bags, no food—just their clothes. That was another gamble.

By now the sunlight was streaming down the Yerupaja face; it ricocheted along the ice gully above High Camp, piling blindingly onto the glacier far below.

Dave hacked his way up the gully, trying to evoke from the callous ice some sort of response to the overtures of his ice ax. The gully—mountaineers call it "black ice"—was stubborn. A dull ax dented it like hard linoleum; a sharp ax pierced it and stuck; and for Dave it was time-consuming work. They had left at ten o'clock, and they had to be back by nightfall.

At the top of the gully, Dave gave Jim a taut rope and Jim scrambled up alongside him. For the next half hour they zigzagged up the face.* Dave leading and Jim—not so well acclimatized—hurrying to keep up.

They were slowly nearing the crest [of the summit ridge], where Yerupaja's clouds continued their morning gymnastics. Sometimes climbing, sometimes chinning, they worked their way up 180 feet of ledges to a final hodge-podge of crevasses.** Then they jumped across the last crevasse and, at a break in the cornice, stepped onto the summit ridge. For several minutes now the sun had been obscured. The clouds, pursuing their involutions with little regard for the affairs of men, had fallen about

*Snow and ice covered sides of the mountain itself.
**Deep breaks.

them; and George Bell, watching nervously from Glacier Meadow, had just seen them disappear.

The sway-back skyline ridge rose in a long and gentle slope toward the summit; it was the route Dave had planned on for many weeks. But Yerupaja was no place for blindman's buff. Today, lost in the clouds, the ridge was nothing but a blur, an out-of-focus monochrome without shape, depth, or direction.

One path, however, was free from fog. The cornice that overhung Yerupaja, burdened with its own prodigious weight, had pulled out from the ridge for four or five feet. The result was a giant crevasse route, but an easy one to follow, and the two men climbed into it.

Above them, the wind played over the lip and sent echoes roaring against the icy walls. Tentacles of fog drifted down, dancers in slow motion. Dave and Jim were walking along the bottom of the crevasse, following a damp and sunless alleyway toward the summit. At first the crevasse was only four feet deep, but the floor sloped downward and the two men descended deeper and deeper. Ten feet; forty feet; a hundred feet. Daylight was a silver line high above their heads.

The crevasse was awesome in its hugeness and grayness, but most of all it was awesome in its futility. There it was, perhaps a quarter mile long; a mountain on one side, a million tons of loose snow on the other. Some day the snow would break off, crashing down Yerupaja with a billowing white roar.

In such a futile show of might, unseen and unheard, Yerupaja had hurled a boulder of ice into the crevasse many years before. This "chock stone" was wedged near the bottom and blocked their path after they had gone just a few dozen yards. Laboriously Dave wriggled underneath it and with difficulty came out the other side. He called to Jim: "You better go over the top. It'll be easier."

It was quickly evident that they would have to unrope, for Jim was climbing over the chock stone and Dave had gone underneath it. Jim loosened the bowline around his waist and let it drop to the floor of the crevasse; unprotected, he climbed to the top of the boulder. Twenty feet below, Dave looked up and shouted, "Jump," and Jim leaned forward and jumped.

Walking on Air

He landed safely in the soft snow, but it was still another minute before he knew how close he had come to killing himself.

By then Dave had gone ahead, and Jim had tied the bowline once again around his body. Jim took one step forward, and fell through the snow to his knees. For the first time he realized that

the floor of the crevasse wasn't a floor at all. It was a false bottom, a mezzanine story of snow one or two feet thick; while beneath it the crevasse continued for twenty—maybe 100 feet. Jim's knees were in the snow, but his feet dangled in free air. Had he landed here when he jumped, he would have gone straight on through.

Jim scrambled out of the hole. By now Dave was at the full length of the rope, 120 feet ahead and out of sight, plowing along through the crevasse and unaware that a few inches beneath his feet was nothing but thin air. He had to be warned.

It was useless for Jim to shout, for words were enfolded by their own echoes inside that narrow alley and further lost in the screeching of the winds. Jim hurried down the crevasse to catch up with Dave, but forty feet farther he broke through again, this time up to his waist. He could feel the snow packed around his hips while his legs swung freely in space.

"Hold up!" Jim shouted; but his words and Dave's distant reply were battered into unintelligible overtones to the wind's lamentations. Dave kept on going.

"Stop!" Jim yanked on the rope. Unaware of what was happening, Dave yanked back, jerking Jim forward and making the hole that much wider, so that Jim slipped through to his chest. Sweating and scared, Jim appreciated the danger of his position. There was nothing holding him now but the tension on the rope. Sooner or later Dave would stop and come back to see what was wrong; and Jim, like an anchor on a pulley, would be lowered into the pit.

Dave took two or three more steps, until the nylon rope stretched tight, and stood still. By now Jim was up to his shoulders in snow. Frantically he stretched out his arms and legs to find a purchase on the icy walls of the crevasse; he dug his ax into one wall and, swinging his feet in the unseen pit below him, jammed his crampons* into the opposite side.

For a second he held himself there, wedged between the two walls, and then, with a desperate effort, pushed himself out of the hole. As he scrambled onto a sturdier part of the floor, he glanced behind him: through the hole he could discern the crevasse for another twenty feet, and below that, blackness.

In a few minutes Jim caught up with Dave and warned him of the false bottom. Cautiously and with a softer tread they continued down the crevasse; but now that great crack twisted and zigzagged, stumbled over rubble of snow



Chuck Crush

Dave Harrah

Jim Maxwell

and ice, leaned from side to side and sometimes closed over their heads, so that they walked as through a tunnel.

After a few hundred feet of this, Dave decided to call it quits and climb back to the fog-shrouded ridge. The side of the crevasse was smooth and almost vertical but it was made of snow. Ramming their crampons and axes into the wall for holdfasts, they crawled to the top like spiders on a garden wall.

Light fog still blurred the ridge, cutting visibility down to thirty feet but lifting sometimes to show yard on yard on hummocked snow. Even in the fog it was not hard to find the route; Dave, leading, simply slogged upward between the cornices on one side and the ball-bearing drop-off on the other. Only once did he stray from the path, and he returned from that experience looking shaken and rather unhappy.

He had walked the full length of the rope, when the clouds lifted for a moment; and then Dave discovered he was not on the ridge but far out on the cornice. Through breaks in it he could see the face of Yerupaja, 120 feet behind him. Dave was poised above the glacier on an awning of snow, and excitedly hollered to Jim to take in the rope as he came back.

They were bucking one more danger. Dave, who had been kicking a trail through the mushy snow, felt his boots slowly filling with water; and both men knew they would suffer from frostbite—though how bad it would eventually be, they had no idea. It was more important than ever to reach the warmth and shelter of High Camp before nightfall.

But it was three in the afternoon. For three hours they had been slogging ahead through the dunes, putting one foot ahead of and slightly above the other, grunting and puffing four seconds for every step they took. Now Dave had stopped, and was staring ahead disconsolately through the fog. Jim trudged up to him; and he saw it, too.

"I guess we're done for," said Dave.

Ahead on the ridge, looming up through the clouds and seemingly another hour away, was a vertical stone cliff, 300 feet high.

It's the Top

Practitioners of every sort develop a sixth sense after a while, a combination of know-how and prophetic inspiration. The crack newsman "feels" when a big story will break; the customs agent "knows" there is contraband in the suitcase; and a mountaineer can "see" through a ridge. Dave and Jim had been standing still for several minutes, peering gloomily through the fog, when Jim's sixth sense began acting up. Something told him that the cliff was much closer than it looked, much closer than Dave—and he himself—thought it was.

Perhaps the rock seemed well-defined despite the fog, or perhaps Jim was just thinking wishfully. Whatever it was, Dave soon felt it, too, and together they hurried ahead. In five minutes they had reached the cliff.

This was Yerupaja's last road block on the path to its unconquered summit. It straddled the ridge as a guardian genie might, rearing 300 feet up through the mist to a narrow and beckoning apex, just a few snowball throws from the summit. But every hold on the face was plastered with ice.

Such a cliff, even at sea level, would try the patience of the all-day climber; on Yerupaja it was quite obviously a dead end. There was one way out. On the extreme left edge of the cliff, sticking half-heartedly to rock and poised dizzily over the glacier, was a thin rib of snow deep enough—perhaps—to hold crampons.

This was a 60-degree slope, not constant with the ideals of the *Safety Manual*. Slowly, and with all the precision of a surgeon performing a delicate operation, the two men moved up it. As they went, the belt of snow narrowed and forced them to the left, where the snow was corniced into the air for one and a half feet. Every now and then

*Steel spikes that fasten to the bottom of climbing boots.



Graham Mathews

George Bell

Austin Riggs

Dave stepped onto this cornice and felt his foot go through, and through the hole he could see down the mountainside to a glacier a mile below.

The rope that bound them together was a mockery, giving them heart, perhaps, but no protection. There were at least three pitches where, if Dave or Jim had fallen, he would have yanked the other man after him. Here the snow was thin and there was no place to wedge an ice ax, and they climbed as slowly as possible. "This is a no-good belay!" Dave would shout. "You're on your own. Don't slip."

Moving so cautiously, it took them forty-five minutes to reach the brow of the cliff. Perhaps they should have called this place the summit. The top of Yerupaja, invisible through the fog, was just 400 feet ahead; but those 400 feet were dangerous and unpredictable—a billowy sea of cornices.

They decided to chance it, for the highest point was too close to be denied. To their annoyance and peril—for it was already four in the afternoon—those 400 feet took much more time than they had expected. A tantalizing hummock of snow would beckon from ahead; excitedly they slogged toward it and poked their heads over the top—to see another hummock farther on.

Three times this happened, until Dave and Jim agreed that the false summits were just that, and trudged quietly along through the snow.

Now the ridge had thinned out, so that the avalanche slope on the right met the cornice on the left, but they carefully belayed across this spot and plodded ahead through the mists. From pictures of the mountain, and from the reconnaissance they had done from the hills of Chiquian and Glacier Meadow, they knew they were just yards from the summit. At five o'clock Dave climbed onto a hummock and called back to

Jim: "Come up and give me a belay."

Dave was standing on a platform about the size of a parking space on a city street, fairly flat and only a foot higher at the far end. Jim sat in the snow with the rope tight about his waist while Dave crossed to the high spot. As he did so the clouds, as if they were special effects in a melodramatic movie, parted and dropped to the sides. A blue-black sky and a dazzling sun and, beneath them, Glacier Meadow and the northern peaks of the Cordillera revealed themselves as Dave reached the far end of the platform. He called back, "This looks like the top."

"Are you sure? Is there anything beyond it?"

"No. The ridge goes down from here."

Disappearance

There was no back-clapping, no throaty huzzahs of victory; outwardly, they might have been bringing another lead to Col Camp.

Yet the conquest of Yerupaja would be a letdown only to men who expected a sensation. The joy of mountaineering, as in all things truly enjoyable, lies not in the ends but in the means. Ten minutes on a summit, however rapturous, could never justify the weeks spent in fingering inscrutable maps and dusty volumes, in trundling across the countryside and dealing with shifty-eyed natives, in convoying tents and food farther and farther up.

These things must justify themselves. To the man who loves the mountains and that hectic farce we call adventure, they do. He needs no pot of gold on the summit, nor any laurel wreath; the thrill of Being There is part of the fun of Getting There, and it is enough that he has done what he set out to do. Soberly, with an inward satisfaction, Dave and Jim regarded the summit and prepared to go down.

They did not even plant a flag. For one thing, they had no flag to plant;

that seemed a futile gesture. They had climbed, not captured, Yerupaja. Tangibly, the only tokens of victory they extracted from the mountain were a few photographs on the summit. It seemed small enough booty, but it almost brought our expedition to tragedy.

One at a time Dave and Jim stood on the summit while the other snapped his picture. Now they had started back down, and had walked for twenty minutes when the clouds lifted once again; and Jim, a zealot for mountain photography, stopped to take a picture. Dave rested against his ice ax while Jim slogged about eight feet past him for a better view.

Jim never had a chance to take the picture. He neatly coiled up the rope that bound the two men together. Then he stuck his ice ax into the ground and stood up again. Clumsily he pulled off his mittens and laid them in the snow in front of him, and as he began to straighten up he glanced sidelong to where Dave was standing; rather quietly, and without warning, a thousand tons of cornice and Dave Harrah dropped from view.

Cliff Hanging

Many times before, Jim had gone over in his mind what he would do in an accident. He had plotted his reactions if Dave should slip while climbing, if a cornice should break, if the snow should slump from beneath them and avalanche down the eastern face.

When a man falls off a ridge, as Dave had, mountaineering lore suggests that his companion jump off the other side to balance him. But in this case, the danger of inciting an avalanche was too great.

The cornice had cracked almost beneath Jim's feet. In that split second when Dave disappeared in the muffled and dull roar of falling snow, Jim saw that his ice ax was going, too. He grabbed it, stepped back to the solid part of the ridge, and flopped down on his stomach, at the same time jamming into the snow the long handle of the ax.

Sprawled about six feet from the drop-off, his left hand clenched around the ax and his right arm buried deep in the snow, Jim waited while the nylon rope spun out to its full 120 feet. There was a sickening jolt around his waist, as if someone had tackled him; the ax pulled part way out of the ground, and Jim was dragged two feet closer to the precipice. Then the rope went slack—dead slack.

Had it broken? To Jim, in this one terrifying moment, that seemed the only answer. The rope was knotted about his waist and hung loosely over the side of the ridge; there was no weight on it at all. Still, without even thinking about

*In a belay, one man climbs at a time over a difficult stretch, while the other braces to check any slip or fall the first may make.

it, Jim reared up and drove the ice ax once again into the snow; and as he did so there came another violent tug, almost as strong as the first, and again the rope went slack.

Jim thought that the nylon had snagged at first, and that now it was broken for sure. He had been pulled even farther through the snow, and suddenly there was a third shock that dragged him right to the edge of the precipice.

Jim was tense with fear, for a fourth tug would have snapped him over the side of the mountain, and there was no way he could stop it. The fourth tug never came. Instead, after a moment of slackness, the rope pulled taut without a jolt.

Jim, still stretched on the ground, didn't know what was happening. He could feel a weight on the other end of the rope, undoubtedly Dave—but whether alive, unconscious, or dead, he had no idea. It was all quiet below. Badly shaken, Jim yelled out: "Dave!"

There was no answer.

"Dave!"

Jim's first inkling that Dave was still alive was a choked and painful cry from below, with the quality of pebbles rubbing on a slate blackboard; a voice pleading for something that Jim was powerless to give: "Sla-a-ck! Sla-a-ck! Sla-a-ck!"

Dave Harrah, standing on the ridge just a few moments before, had heard a cracking sound and saw the snow open beneath his feet. He felt himself hurtling head downward amid tumbling ice, falling free for the first fifty feet and then bouncing along the steep western slope. It is not true that a man, in so inauspicious a position as this, sees his life flash before him. Often he feels completely detached from his body, seeing it fall as from a distance of ten or twenty feet and feeling no pain as it strikes rocks and ledges.

As a matter of fact, Dave was only vaguely aware that his chest was being pummeled with falling ice blocks. "What a way to die," he thought; and he remembered the Greek concept of *hubris*, the wanton disregard of nature that plunges man to his doom. Dave had been presumptuous in ignoring the natural order, and this was the nemesis.

Three sickening jerks about his waist cut short these reflections. The resilient climbing rope had stretched another ten yards, and like a yo-yo Dave was bobbing up and down on the end. Much of the shock was absorbed by the nylon, saving Dave's life; but his ribs had absorbed the rest. Wrenched by the cord and battered by falling ice, Dave's chest was so painful that he could barely breathe. He was sure his ribs were broken. Now he was swinging in free air, a rope tight about his chest

and his whole weight hanging from that.

"Slack!"

"I can't give you any."

"Slack!"

"Dave, I can't help you."

"Slack!"

Jim saw that the next move was up to him. He was lying with his face toward the dropoff; curling his legs under him, he braced his arms and began to push himself back from the edge. But after six inches he could go no farther.

In tense situations such as this one, mountaineers waste no words. Their interests are not served by elaborate phraseology; their vocabulary is a few clipped shouts: "Ready!" . . . "Belay on!" . . . "Slack!" After a while the mountaineer will react to these words with an unconscious and automatic reflex. Jim knew this, and knew it was the only way out of their jam. He yelled a sharp command to Dave.

"Climb!"

"Slack!"

"CLIMB!"

Looking down, Dave saw the sunlit ice flutings plunging off an overhang a hundred feet below; beyond that he could see only the glacier, already in twilight shadow and almost a mile beneath him. The next forty-five minutes took more courage than we ever thought our expedition would call for. Dave's rope was three eighths of an inch thick, the size of a small finger, and hand over hand he began to pull himself up it. After ten feet he found a purchase in the wall and secured himself there with his crampons, an ice ax, and a smaller ice hammer. Then, by grappling the cliffside with his ax and hammer and—whenever he could—with his boots, he began to crawl up 100 vertical feet of ice.

Jim felt painfully futile. His job was to take in the rope as Dave climbed and otherwise lie dead still; for belayers are taught never to move. Sprawled on his stomach, hoping that Dave would pull himself up before he pulled the rest of the cornice down, Jim could do little to help. For most of an hour he heard from below the slow thud of Dave's ax and the clinking of the steel wedges and snap links that hung from his belt, noises coming closer and closer from the source still unseen. Then Dave's face appeared over the edge. He was weary and panting, expecting to cough up his ribs piece by piece, but Jim was the only one who spoke.

"Boy, I'm glad to see you."

"Something Wrong"

For a few minutes Dave sat in the snow, catching his breath and sobbing a little, his arms wrapped around his injured chest. Dave was in great pain.

When he stood up he wobbled, like a fighter who has taken too many punches; it was a struggle for him to talk. More than anything else now, Dave wanted to get down from the mountain. Jim, seeing his condition, insisted that they belay each other at all times, and Dave said, "I'll do anything, but let's get down."

For one thing, it was dangerously late in the afternoon; also, Dave knew that when one cornice breaks, the rest start falling too. As it turned out, his fears were well taken, for Yerupaja also had its eyes on Jim. They had gone fifty feet further along the ridge; Jim was leading the way down a steep pitch from one hummock to another. "Something felt wrong," he says; perhaps once again it was a sixth sense that made him step ahead and then quickly—he doesn't know why—pull his foot back. As he did so, the snow ahead of him peeled off the mountainside. Jim was too scared to move, but he was standing on solid ground.

"Are you all right?" shouted Dave, who heard the noise but couldn't see what had happened.

"Yes, the whole cornice broke."

Dave had been belaying Jim all the while, but as the two men picked their way across what was left of the ridge, he admitted that, if Jim had fallen, he didn't have the strength to stop him.

"Let's get out of here," Dave kept saying. "Let's get down off these cornices." By now both men were badly shaken. Dave, tortured by pain that had begun to affect his mind, was trying courageously to control himself. He apologized to Jim for his groans—frightening sounds that came with every breath; he said they made him feel better. He tried to warn Jim that his mind was wandering, but his words were like those of a drunken man; "Jim I—I think I'm—I think I'm somewhat de-li—a little delirious." Dave was having hallucinations; he thought there was a third man on the rope.

Both of them were severely exhausted. At times their bodies refused to obey their minds; they told a foot to move and it didn't. As a result, the slow descent of the rock cliff went even slower, and it was night when they reached the bottom of it. Jim could not see their footprints of the afternoon. He felt there was a danger of straying from the route, either over the edge of the cornices or down the avalanche slope; but Dave insisted, "I can see them easily," and took the lead.

Dave was sure he saw the steps in spite of the dark, and was angry at Jim for being skeptical. Yet Jim believes that Dave, after they had gone several rope lengths, slowly veered off toward the Amazon and down the ever-steepening slope. There is no way of know-

ing who was right; at any rate, Jim yelled at Dave to stop and, when he kept on going, sat down in the snow.

Dave was still obsessed with a desire to get off Yerupaja. "Get up!" he cried. "Keep going! We've got to keep going down!" Jim walked over to talk to him, but once more Dave started off—again, Jim thought, in the wrong direction. This time, when Jim sat down, he stayed so for fifteen minutes.

Dave was quieter by then, squatting submissively in the snow with his arms tied about his chest. He said nothing as Jim slogged across to explain calmly, "I'm going to dig a cave. We'll stay there until the moon comes out." The cave would protect them from the cold, for the temperature had already dropped somewhat below zero. Jim began swinging into the snow with his ice ax. He had dug a hole large enough for one man and was at work enlarging it, when the moon came higher above the clouds so that they could see the footprints clearly; and once again they started down the mountains.

Night on Yerupaja

At night the Andes fog settles into the valley, so that up here the path was easily discernible in the moonlight. But night also brought unbearable cold, about 10 degrees below zero at this altitude, and choking winds that howled across from the Amazon basin. Once again Dave and Jim had to climb into the crevasse. This shielded them somewhat from the wind, which now screeched louder and louder above their heads, sprinkling them with loose snow; but it gave no respite from the cold.

Exhausted, they tried to rest for a while on a sheltered ledge part way down the wall of the crevasse. They sat together on a coiled rope, growing colder and colder until they were shaking violently and could sit still no longer, when Jim yielded to Dave's pleas to push on. They had been there forty-five minutes; it was now eleven o'clock.

In the face of unnerving fatigue, and with Dave still moaning from his injuries, they stumbled falteringly ahead along the false bottom. It was now evident that both men would suffer extreme frostbite, perhaps with the attendant gangrene, unless they reached High Camp very soon. Their feet had been frozen solid for some time now, and were too numb to feel the ground as they walked along. Meanwhile, the temperature had dropped even farther than ten below; and the wind, having forced its way into the crevasse, was whooshing like an express train down the narrow alleyway.

The two men never reached High Camp that night. Drained of strength and afraid to venture onto the black,

windswept western face, they spent the next ten hours inside the crevasse.

For a few minutes Dave had stood at the end of the crevasse, peering unhappily down the slope toward High Camp. "Do you think we should go down?" he asked. They were just an hour from High Camp, but Jim knew they could never find the way. The moon had not yet struck the western face, which lay in pitch blackness and could only be heard, not seen.

Dave sat disconsolately and shivered while Jim backtracked down the crevasse, and, in the area of the chock stone, began to search for a sheltered place. Near the chock stone was a small tributary crevasse that had fallen in many years before and healed over at the top. In the resulting rubble Jim found a tiny cave. After he had carved a ledge for both of them to sit on, he yanked on the rope to summon Dave, and, when Dave was within hollering distance, shouted to him, "I've found a warm ice cave."

The cave was considerably warmer than the outside, being about 10 degrees Fahrenheit, but it was not enough to stop their trembling and chattering or to arrest the growing frostbite. Luckily Dave had brought a single candle with him for just such an emergency. With inferior Peruvian matches, which even at sea level often sputter and die, they now tried to light it; but twenty matches had fizzled before they realized the futility of this task. In desperation Dave remembered his emergency junk bag. There were matches in it that he had carried since 1942, but they were still satisfactory and lit the candle; and within an hour the cave had been heated to the freezing point, and perhaps higher.

Over this candle flame Dave tried to thaw his frozen socks. Jim's feet were numb but at least they were dry, so he left his socks on and slowly massaged them with his hands. Dave was in a more serious condition. He had been kicking a trail all afternoon and his boots had filled with water; his feet now were frozen white. He could rap on his toes, and the sound was hollow and wooden.

Dave wrapped his feet in a jacket, but he didn't massage them as much as he should. Dave was too distracted by his ribs to do so. He was still convinced that they were broken, although he realized that he could never have withstood the pain or descended the mountain if this were the case.

Actually, Dave's ribs were intact; but his chest had been wrenched and contused, an injury common in football and very painful. Right now his feet were far more urgent. Frostbite is a progressive malady, and, although Dave's feet had not yet reached the stage that doc-

tors call "irreversible," he needed medical attention very soon if they were to be saved. In the cramped ice cave Dave and Jim talked idly about climbing with artificial feet.

Rescue

For the next ten hours until eleven in the morning Dave and Jim perched on their axes and their coiled rope, to shield themselves from the wet ice; they slept fitfully and woke to massage their feet or pick crystals off their clothing; they shivered over a dying candle. In its flickering light their faces looked spectral and cadaverous. These two men had smeared their skin with white oxide when they started the ascent, to protect them—a final irony—from the sizzling rays of the sun.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the sun was shining into the crevasse. Dave and Jim were still exhausted and cold, and they had to watch their feet to know when they were touching ground. But the sun was a big help psychologically; also, they could move quickly as they descended the western face, skidding purposefully with each step. In less than an hour they were at High Camp.

High Camp was blurred by occasional fog, so that George Bell, still watching from Glacier Meadow, did not see their return.

Dave and Jim climbed immediately into their sleeping bags, melted snow on the gas stove and dissolved lemon drops in the lukewarm water; they nibbled some apricots and chocolate and fell asleep at one-thirty in the afternoon, almost tearfully grateful for the warmth of their sleeping bags, and didn't wake up until the next morning.

By then the frostbite had entered a somewhat more advanced stage, so that Dave's feet were puffed and swollen and difficult to force into his boots. One danger of frostbite is that the limbs will "come to"—thaw out and lose their numbness—and become too painful to walk on. Dave's feet were still insensate, and he knew it was important to climb down the mountain while this condition lasted.

They filled their packs with two cameras, the exposed film, a little food, and their sleeping bags, in case they were forced to bivouac once again, but left the tent standing; and they headed once again toward Col Camp. Their old footsteps had melted away and the clouds cut visibility down to barely fifty feet.

Their nerves were already frayed from the ordeal they had been through—an ordeal that was not yet over. Several minutes below High Camp was a steep pitch, an icy cascade that required the greatest of caution. It was hard for the two men to place their crampons

securely against the ice, because their feet were so numb; and Dave, leading the way down the pitch, slipped at one point and skidded several inches before catching his balance. Later he stood off to the side and belayed Jim. At the same point where Dave had almost fallen, Jim set his boot down at an insecure angle, causing the ice to break under each point of the crampon and his foot to skid suddenly down the slope.

"Fall!"

Jim tumbled forty feet along the ice, flying through the air part of the time before being stopped by Dave's belay. The damage was more mental than physical, for Jim was badly rattled by the fall, and, like Dave, now in some degree of shock. Besides that, he had pulled a tendon in his right ankle. When they crossed the 45-degree amphitheater, Jim found that his foot would collapse under him unless he pointed it straight downhill, so that his weight locked it tight.

This slowed them up and unnerved them even further; but as they left the amphitheater they saw Col Camp and the rescue party just an hour below them, and Dave, who at the moment was not so shaken as Jim, yelled for help in his pained and choking voice.

This time they were heard. While the others brewed hot lemonade at the Col, Graham Mathews started immediately up-mountain. He met Dave and Jim at the bergschlund.*

They were shattered men; in a few gasping sentences they explained that they had climbed Yerupaja, that a cornice had broken; that Dave's chest was injured and his feet badly frostbitten. Jim was utterly exhausted and collapsed into a sleeping bag at Col Camp; he stayed there for the next few days while George nursed his feet back to health. But Dave insisted on going ahead and, in the blood-red twilight and the early hours of the night, hanging to the shoulders of Austen and Graham, he stumbled painfully down to Glacier Meadow. Even now, the most important thing to Dave was getting off Yerupaja.

"We've got to get to Glacier Meadow tonight," Dave kept sobbing. "We've got to get off the ice. We've got to get down so the doctor can see my feet."

Teamwork Down the Mountain

Dave had climbed Yerupaja on Monday, July 31. On Tuesday he had slept in High Camp; on Wednesday he staggered down to Glacier Meadow; on Thursday he rested there while we treated his feet. Now it was Thursday evening, and Chuck had drawn up a

plan that would bring Dave to Lima in the late hours of Saturday night.

The next morning—Friday—Dave and Chuck would walk over Rassac Ridge to Boulder Pocket; we had to hope that Dave was rested enough, and his feet numb enough, for him to make the trip, since there was no way of coaxing a horse or mule over the slippery rocks of Rassac to carry him.

But from Boulder Pocket Dave could ride a mule to Base Camp and, on Saturday, a second mule of Llamac and a third one from there to Chiquian. He and Chuck would be in Chiquian Saturday evening. Some sort of automobile or truck could speed them to Lima before sunrise; and we were quite sure that this would be time enough to save Dave's feet, perhaps with a little spare. Certainly it could not be managed any faster.

The key to Chuck's program was timing. At Boulder Pocket, at Base Camp, at Llamac, and at Chiquian, fresh transportation had to be waiting as soon as Dave arrived. There could be no shilly-shallying while half-hearted vows of *manana* filled the air, no haggling with lackadaisical natives. To insure that a mule or a car was ready and waiting at each of the key points, one member of our party would have to travel out from the mountain several hours in advance of the sick train, making the necessary arrangements along the way. Graham Mathews volunteered to do the job. He left Glacier Meadow at five o'clock in the morning on Friday, and in one day he walked to Chiquian.

In Lima, Dave lay at the Anglo-American Clinic for three weeks. But at last, late in August, Dr. Ned Baker had to amputate all of Dave's toes. By that time Jim Maxwell was also in the Clinic, and Jim lost parts of three toes.

It was not a high price, and it might have been worse. Certainly Dave Harrah, who wrote an article about the adventure called "Good Luck on Yerupaja," does not think the ending was tragic. After all, you can still climb without toes. Dave rested a while at home; he ordered a pair of custom boots that fitted his feet; and once again he is climbing mountains, this time in the Selkirks of British Columbia. Dave remembers what he said before, about another accident: "To quit mountaineering is easy; I've done it a hundred times." The story also has a happy ending for Jim, who was climbing in New Hampshire just a few months later.

Why They Climb

Why do men climb mountains? Every book on mountaineering, I guess, must tussle with that question sooner or later—and there lies a paradox. For if you have to ask this question, you will never understand the answer.

Yet perhaps I can give some hints and dispel some wrong ideas. Many people wonder why men climb mountains when the business is so risky, so ominous to life and limb. The answer is, it isn't. Most persons, with a lot of nerve and no skill, can scale the side of a cliff; anybody—but anybody—can get down. The object is to do it safely; and this is what comprises the science of mountaineering.

With a rope about his waist and a belay from above, and his feet on solid rock, the mountaineer is as safe as he is at home. He very rarely takes chances. On Yerupaja, Dave and Jim were excited because the mountain was big and the summit was close, and they did take a chance; and that was the cause of their accident. But this was exceptional; there are 40,000 practicing mountaineers in North America and only three or four—1 per cent of 1 per cent—are seriously hurt each year.

The layman also wonders why mountaineers sweat for the dubious pleasure of standing—five minutes perhaps, or ten—on an inconsequential knob of land geodetically determined to be higher than anything nearby. It seems obvious to him that mountaineers climb mountains to reach the top; but that isn't true. They don't. One might as well say that men swim to reach the other side of the pool, that they play tennis to beat their opponent, that they ski to get downhill. It is exciting to reach a summit, of course, but mountaineers climb because they like climbing in itself, regardless of ends.

Why? Well, some of them like the exercise, some of them like the view, some of them like the lure of the unknown; mountaineering brings a group of men together with a single challenge—and life is more interesting with a challenge. Most mountaineers, like the ones on our expedition, climb for all these reasons. But this is all superficial.

There is something else to mountaineering, and I think it's creativity. In a way, the mountaineer is an artist. He is using his imagination, producing, creating: inventing a route where there was none before. To the mountaineer, a climb is almost a tangible object; he "makes" an ascent in the same sense that a sculptor makes a statue or a composer makes a symphony. He expresses himself in it—and the creative life is the happy one.

After a while mountaineering becomes part of him, and perhaps he cannot say why he likes it. Why does an artist paint a face? Because, he feels, he *has* to paint it. Why does an author tell a story? Because he *has* to tell it. This is what George Leigh-Mallory was thinking when he explained why he tried to climb Mt. Everest. Mallory said, "Because it's there."

*Crevice made by a glacier's gradually pulling away from the mountainside.

Letter Box



It's a Dog's Life

Dear Editor:

I read with great interest the article in your February *Literary Cavalcade* by Corey Ford's dog, Cider. Do you suppose it might be possible for me to have Cider's address?

I am a female English setter, two years old. One of your readers—Bill Henley, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa—belongs to me. I like Bill, and have trained him to be a useful and enjoyable companion. But Bill is going

to the State University after he graduates from high school this year, and I must begin to think of my own future.

I have not associated very much with the English setters in Cedar Rapids. They are good-hearted, friendly dogs—but they lack intelligence. Some of them allow human beings to sit in the most comfortable chair, and others have not even trained them to retrieve balls.

This is why I would like to meet Cider. He sounds to me like a dog with his head on his shoulders.

I have a well-kept white coat, with nicely spaced black spots, and long, silky ears. My tail is plumpy, and my carriage graceful. If Cider would like a picture of me, I'll be happy to send him one.

Queenie
c/o Bill Henley
Cedar Rapids, Iowa



Wanted—Teen-age Problems

Dear Editor:

I enjoy your *Cavalcade* very much, and eagerly await each copy. In the January issue, I particularly liked "The Diary of Anne Frank" and the poem by Carl Sandburg.

In later issues, I would like to find Carl Sandburg's life, and a few teen-age romance stories.

M. Sieglinda Snyder
Vincentian Institute
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I have been subscribing to *Literary Cavalcade* for the past year and a half, and I have enjoyed reading it immensely. All the stories and puzzles are both interesting and amusing.

MARCH, 1953

There is only one comment I'd like to make. I would appreciate it, and I am sure other teen-agers would, too, if you would print more stories and plays about teen-agers and their problems. Keep the rest of the magazine as it is. I enjoy it that way.

Gilda Wind
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Those of you who especially like stories about teen-agers should enjoy the short short story and the play which appear in this issue: "The Cub," p. 3, and "While the Toast Burned," p. 23.—Editor.)

Sherlock Wasn't There

Dear Editor:

I was pleased to see, in your issue of February, 1953, the photograph of "Sherlock Holmes beside the recently unveiled plaque in London which marks the spot where he first met Dr. Watson." May I point out, however, that the plaque was erected at the Criterion Restaurant, where Dr. Watson was found by Stamford, who later introduced him to Sherlock Holmes at St. Bartholomew's Hospital? It is a minor error, but I believe it ought to be corrected for the record.

It is interesting to know that the plaque was dedicated by the Tokyo branch of the Baker Street Irregulars. The Baker Street Irregulars is an American organization, with groups all over the world, devoted to keeping green the memory of the great detective.

Nathan Bengis
Keeper of the Crown
The Musgrave Ritualists
New York City, N. Y.

It's All Yours

Dear Editor:

Why don't you sell *Literary Cavalcade* on the newsstands? I brought a copy home the other night, and my dad said it was a lot more interesting magazine than many of those that are for sale. He thought it was too bad that grown-ups couldn't get to buy it, too, because it's enjoyable for grown-ups as well as for teen-agers.

You could make a lot of money if you'd put *Literary Cavalcade* on the general market. Have you ever stopped to think of that? Or aren't you interested in making money?

George Hoffer
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Many thanks for the suggestion, George. However, we don't think we could put *Literary Cavalcade* on the newsstands profitably. Besides, selling *Cavalcade* to students through the schools enables us to keep the magazine a publication for high school classes in English—which is what we want it to be.

We received a letter from a student who wrote she had taken home her copy of *Cavalcade* and left it on the living room table. After dinner her father picked up *Cavalcade*, read it for a while, then asked, "How long has this magazine been coming to the house? Why haven't I seen it before? This is one of the best magazines I've read."

We like compliments such as these two. Thanks very much.—Editor.)

Cheeklebait



EVER pull a boner? Sure, we all have. But how would you feel if you pulled one before a million pairs of eyes—on television? Maybe Shakespeare was looking ahead to boners on TV when he penned the line, "O death, where is thy sting?"

The Blood of NBC

Anyway, in a recent issue of *Collier's* Philip Minoff tells of the chase that was nearing its climax in an episode of *Treasury Men in Action*. The fugitive was leading his pursuers across a rooftop. Suddenly the hunted man plunged off the edge and went hurtling dizzily to the ground below.

You can bet the viewers at home were startled. But not half as much, says Minoff, as they were a second later. "Their screens showed an NBC make-up girl hastily daubing the victim's face with 'blood.'"

• • •

Another time, on the CBS dramatic show *Studio One*, Melvyn Douglas and Viveca Lindfors were playing the leads in a love story. "After a tender scene in which they met on a Vienna street during a heavy snowfall," Minoff relates, "the two entered Douglas' home. Once inside, Miss Lindfors was properly impressed by the lush decor, but was apparently unaffected by the snow that was still falling briskly—over the living-room furniture, the rug and her mid-Victorian gown. Only the production crew realized that technicians shaking baskets of artificial snow from catwalks above the set had overshot their mark."



By Mahood in *The Best Cartoons from Punch*, published by Simon & Schuster
"I didn't think it would end like this."

Bedeveled Newscaster

The news programs have their quotas of boners, too. Shortly before the political conventions in Chicago last summer, CBS-TV news-commentator Doug Edwards, on one of his nightly newscasts, reviewed the personalities who had delivered keynote addresses at previous conventions.

As each keynoter was announced, his picture appeared on the screen. When Edwards came to the name of Dwight H. Green (former Governor of Illinois) the figure of a devil suddenly filled the screen. The audience was mystified and so was Edwards. The slide was a misplaced part of the program's commercial for a Faust record album.

Rushing the Act

Then there was the time actor Lon Chaney somehow got the idea that a final performance was a dress rehearsal.

"Rushing onto the set," says Minoff, "after being made up for the part of Frankenstein's monster, Chaney had no idea that program time had arrived. So, in one scene where a door didn't close properly, he barked, 'Why doesn't someone fix that door?' In another sequence, in which he was to smash a breakaway chair on the floor, he held the chair over his head and muttered, 'Might as well save this for the show.' Midway through the performance the horrified floor manager was able to grab the actor's attention and give him the news. When it was all over, Chaney, one of the most conscientious performers in the business, was almost in tears."

Hail! Philadelphia

Of radio fluffs there have been many. But just as grievous is the unintentional slight.

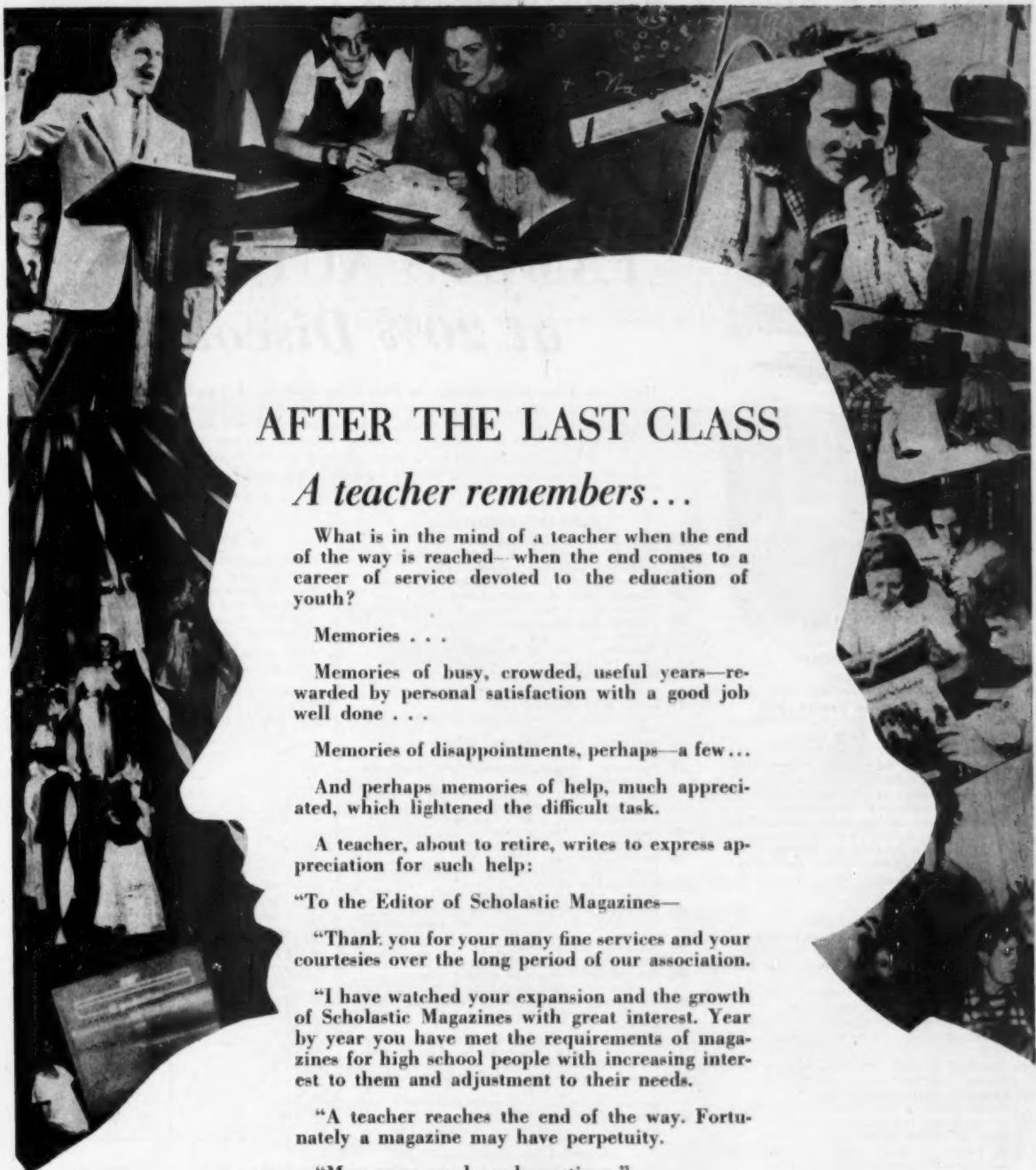
Fred Allen, in speaking of Philadelphia some years ago, said that he had once checked into a hotel there and the rooms were so small even the mice were hunchbacked.

An innocent example of Allen's humor, but the performer was denounced by the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, the Convention and Tourist Committee, and the All Philadelphia Citizens Committee. He was even attacked editorially by the *Public Ledger*. Mr. Allen replied as follows (he has an aversion toward the use of capital letters):

dr. editor,

the remarks made on my program concerned a small theatrical hotel in philia. twenty-five years ago. no mention was made on my program and no aspersions cast on the many excellent hotels in philia. today. i know that the benjamin franklin hotel is so named because you can fly a kite in any room . . . i know that the rooms at the bellevue-stratford are so spacious that the army-navy game can be played in a closet. and i know that billy rose rehearsed his aquacade in a sink in one of mr. lamaze's mastodonic rooms at the warwick. yrs., fred allen.

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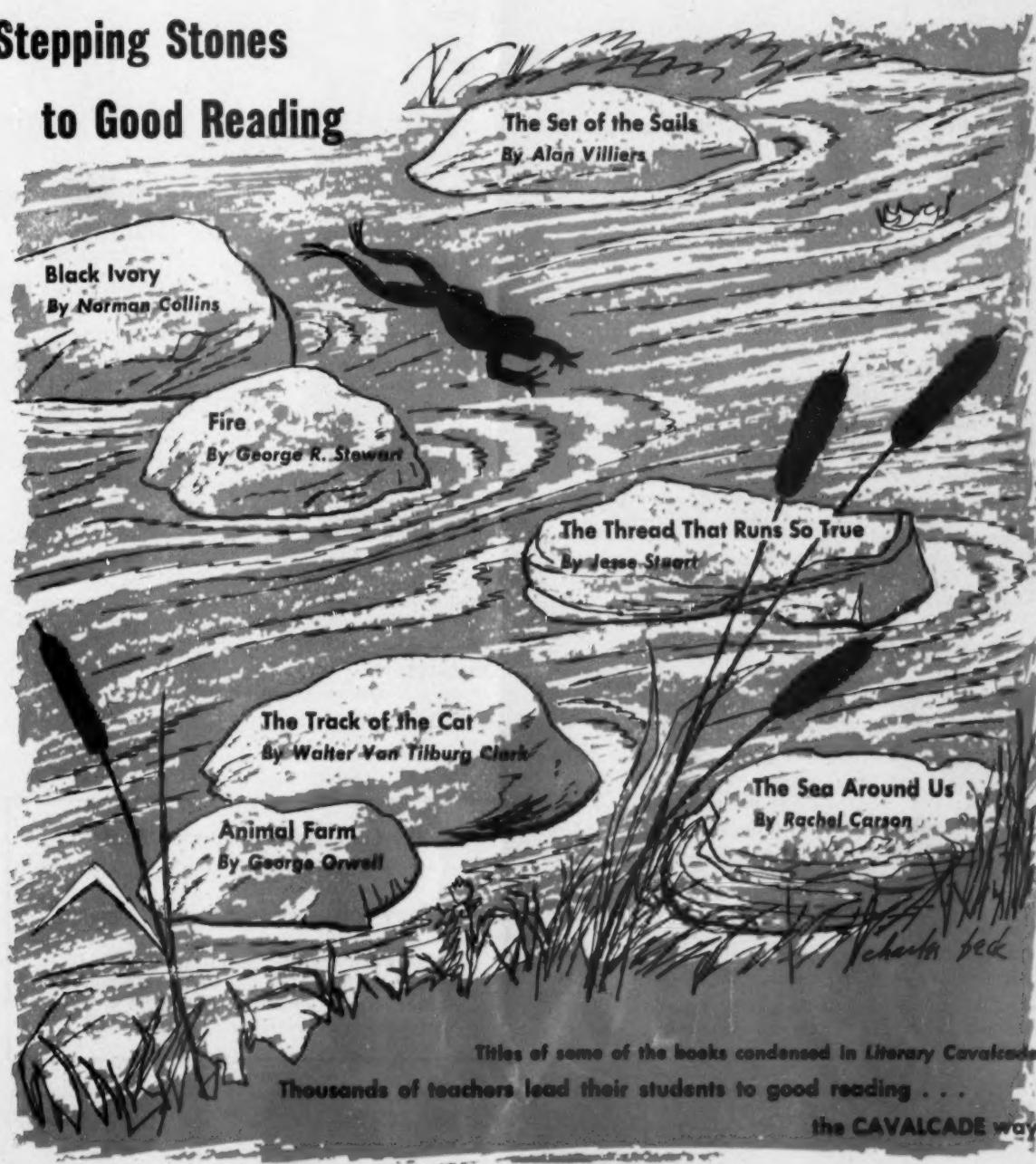
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